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LITTLE Lessons for Backward Peoples. Respect for Law and Order Series No. 113: Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote a new Constitution for Haiti in 1918. It prescribed that no loan should be consummated without consent of the Haitian Parliament. The last Haitian Congress was dissolved by American marines. New elections have been postponed, upon instructions from Washington. But Washington insists that Haiti needs a new loan, a loan requiring annual interest payments larger than the entire present annual income of the poor republic. Haitians protest. But Washington pays no attention and invites bids for the loan. Among the terms is a proviso that the loan must ultimately be ratified by a Haitian Congress, but that meanwhile the bankers may issue it and act as if it had been ratified. That is of course unconstitutional, even according to the "Roosevelt Constitution." Yet we are in Haiti to "maintain law and order" and to "teach a backward people" "democratic methods of government." Mr. Hughes, you go to church each Sunday; is there really nothing in your moral code that stops at this?

MANILA, Sept. 14 (Associated Press)—Professor Austin Craig, head of the department of history of the University of the Philippines, was dismissed today by the board of regents on a charge of conduct prejudicial to the interests of the University. Craig is said to have criticized the board of regents and President Guy Potter Benton in a public statement. Vice-Governor Gillmore, president of the board of regents, and President Benton issued a statement explaining Craig's dismissal.

"The question of the generally accepted principle of academic freedom is not involved," it said. "The regents, while they recognized that the principle of academic freedom is now firmly established in the world of scholarship, felt constrained to recognize that there is a plain line of demarcation always to be drawn between commendable freedom, which consists of fair comment and criticism of principles and policies, and reprehensible license, dealing in half-truths and personalities."—New York *Times*, September 16, 1922.

COMMENT is unnecessary. General Wood is Governor of the Philippines, and he has been called to be head of another great educational institution, the University of Pennsylvania.

WHEN workers strike there is always plenty of talk about their irresponsibility and indifference to others' rights and interests. Too seldom does anyone take time to praise the fidelity and responsibility of workingmen of all ranks which keep the highly complicated machinery of modern life in motion. At its most ordinary level it is the quality which moves our trains, sails our ships, distributes our mail, digs our coal. At its highest level it rises to real heroism. Consider, for example, John Fallon, day laborer and hero. He and eleven others were digging a sewer tunnel eighty feet under ground when an earth slide began. Fallon was farthest in. All the men turned to run; they were caught by falling earth and timbers. Fallon stopped and held up the timbers; he could only do so until the others had escaped. He saved their lives but perished himself. Such spirit of comradeship is common in dangerous places. It, rather than hope of reward, lay behind the splendid effort of the rescuers whose struggle to reach the victims of the Argonaut mine disaster held in thrall the interest of the entire country.

OVER the heroism which ennobled the tragedy of the Argonaut has come the cloud of suspicion that it was avoidable. A labor paper has definitely charged: (1) that the fire was due to defective insulation which would have been discovered if there had been proper inspection; (2) that the original order to keep the fire on the level where it broke out forced it back to the 4,600-foot level where the trapped miners were; and (3) that a dispute following a previous fire had resulted in illegally closing an old exit through the Kennedy mine by which possibly the men might have been saved. (The story might seem incredible were it not for the fact that precisely such a wall erected across an exit of the Speculator mine in Butte, Montana, was responsible for the terrible loss of life in that disaster some five years ago.) Mr. H. M. Wolflin, a California State official who has investigated the situation, says that the Argonaut's executives lived up to the law in providing means of safety but that the law ought to be amended in the light of the lessons of this disaster. This is also the opinion of Fred R. Bechdolt, a correspondent of the New York *Times*, who says that "the tragedy has taught the necessity of a second exit which shall be an exit in fact as well as in

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name." The company announces that it welcomes investigation. It would be some compensation for this tragedy if out of it might arise in California the practice of mining which has prevented such accidents in some other States.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S veto of the bonus bill was an act of intelligence and political courage. The fact that he no longer confines his opposition to the wholly cowardly failure of Congress to provide a way of paying the billions it appropriated is a reasonable guaranty that there will be no bonus legislation during his term. We should like to believe that before another Administration comes in the ex-soldiers and their friends will abandon their advocacy of a measure whose effects can only be demoralizing. It is bad logic and bad ethics to argue that because certain civilians outrageously profiteered during the war, uninjured ex-soldiers should demand a cash bonus after the war. In general the President put the case well; his statement of the amount already spent on injured veterans and in insurance payments to the families of the slain is impressive. If some members of the American Legion gnash their teeth when they read that they "emerged from the conflict not only unharmed, but physically, mentally, and spiritually richer for the great experience," they have only to reflect that their own organization in some of its moods has confirmed this conventional view of the inestimable blessings military life bestows upon the soldier who is lucky enough to survive.

THE same President who vetoed the bonus in the interest of a "public treasury locked against class legislation, but ever open to public necessity" within the same week signed a tariff bill which is a more shameless and costly bit of class legislation than any bonus and announced that he would call Congress in special session after the elections to consider that other choice bit of special legislation, the ship subsidy. The Congress which enacted the tariff as its main piece of public business will occupy an unenviable place in American history. The final bill as arranged between the Senate and House conferees embodied most of the worst provisions in both measures. It was so bad that Senators Cummins and Lenroot, Republicans, who had voted for the Senate bill, joined their party comrades, Senators Borah, La Follette, Cameron, and Norris, in opposing the final passage of the law. The two Democratic Senators from Louisiana voted for the measure in payment for the sugar duties popular in their State. Senator Smoot justly taunted the other Democrats with the charge that 38 per cent of them, though they opposed the bill, had voted for the particular increases which might benefit powerful groups in their own States. That fact is only one more bit of evidence of the utter lack of any principle but self-interest behind a law which will add hundreds of millions to our cost of living, cripple our foreign trade, and strain the friendly relations that honest and unhampered commerce between nations promotes.

EVEN President Harding could find nothing to praise in the tariff bill but its "elastic provisions." These provisions were born of the desire of the dye interests for an embargo. Failing that, the dye-makers fell back on their second line of defense: American valuation of dyes with a prohibitive tariff. In the juggling that followed the President was given power "to increase or decrease rates within a range of 50 per cent of those fixed in the Act and to change the basis of assessment of duties from foreign to American valuation. Where American valuation has been declared, however, the President may not then revise rates upward." The drive on Mr. Harding will come from those who want increased rates. The one comfort is that the President can act only after investigation by the Tariff Commission and that body is understood to be divided equally for and against American-valuation and high-tariff rates. It remains to be seen whether this extraordinary grant of power to the President is constitutional. In view of its origin and of the forces at work, it is thoroughly dangerous. Even if it were possible to have a "scientific tariff" based not on general economic theories of free trade or protection but purely on the disinterested wisdom of experts—which we do not believe—this particular plan under this particular President will hardly be a step toward that end.

THREE clippings came to our desk the same day. The first told that William Bugher was taken from the Hotel Erin in Shamrock, a town in the Oklahoma oil fields, was carried to a lonely wood, bound to a tree, terribly beaten, tarred and feathered, and then left blindfolded and bound, to make his way back to shelter as best he could. When at last he reached his hotel he was given thirty minutes to leave town. Why? Because he was an I. W. W. organizer, and mob violence in the United States, especially in the South, can be invoked against men whose skin is black or whose opinions are red. The second clipping records that the privilege of writing letters has been taken from James Rowan, a political prisoner in Leavenworth penitentiary, for the crime of writing that Roy Conners, a fellow-prisoner, had been so long in "isolation" for violating some prison rule that he was utterly broken in health. The third clipping tells of the release of Robert Fay from Atlanta penitentiary and of his deportation to Germany. Fay was a German spy and wrecker of ships before we entered the war. He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in 1915, broke jail, was recaptured, and has now been set free. In Leavenworth are some seventy men who were not spies and wrecked no ships. They dared to disbelieve in the justice of the war. The courts sentenced them, not to eight, but to ten, fifteen, and twenty years. The President has granted them no pardon. Thus do mobs, courts, prison wardens, and the President unite to keep America the land of the free and the ho-ome of the brave.

CHANG-CHUNG seems a long way from home but the methods in use there are strangely familiar. The Japanese representatives announce that when they ordered the evacuation of Siberia it was done with mental reservations about Sakhalin; they can never evacuate Sakhalin until they are recompensed for the wanton slaughter of 600 Japanese at Nikolaievsk. The Russian representatives are shocked: The Japanese promised to evacuate; Russia will never sanction any agreement as long as "one Japanese soldier remains on Russian soil." A deadlock appears to have been arrived at and the Japanese have withdrawn from the conference because the Russian delegates insisted on discussing the question of Sakhalin. All of which looks very disheartening unless one bears steadfastly in mind the comforting fact that these nations—Japan and Russia and the Far Eastern Republic—have met together be-

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cause they have something to gain by an agreement. Japan doubtless wants a toehold in Russian soil, but she wants other things too—concessions and the prospect of future peace with Soviet Russia. Russia doubtless would like to remove Japan even from Sakhalin, but she may desire more such matters as recognition and favorable trade terms, and maybe even credits. Russia has justice on her side, but her representatives have lately learned to chip fragments off justice when hard realities demand it. An intransigent tone of voice on either side must not be taken too seriously.

THERE'S always a reason. The French press has recently been singularly unanimous in supporting M. Poincaré's friendly attitude toward the Turks. There was a time not so very long ago when several French dailies were rabidly pro-Greek. Then one day certain papers announced inconspicuously that the Government had come into possession of an important Greek document, to wit, a list of Paris papers receiving subsidies from the Greek budget, or from Mr. Lloyd George's friend, Mr. Zaharof, with the amounts. It did not publish the names of the papers. It did not have to. All of which recalls many unsavory episodes in the history of French journalism—among them the ardent Austrophilism of the *Temps* under M. Tardieu up to 1911, and M. Izvolski's appreciation of its sudden shift, under the same M. Tardieu, to Russophilism in 1912.

ATTENTION, American business men: Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce publishes (Trade and Economic Review for 1921, No. 7) a summary of Russian Foreign Trade in 1921 translated by the United States consul at Reval from the Moscow *Economic Life*. Russia imported 55 million poods in 1921, about 3 million in the first quarter and about 20 million in the last. She exported about 13 million poods, less than a half million in the first quarter, more than 7 million in the fourth. A pood is only 36 pounds; the totals are unimpressive, but the progress is striking. Of the imports 35 per cent came from Great Britain, 24 per cent from Germany, and only 15.8 per cent from the United States—and half of that was goods shipped for relief. More than two-thirds of the shipments from Germany were metals and metal goods, including railway materials and agricultural machinery. Nearly half of Russia's exports, mainly lumber, went to Great Britain. And still Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes say that Russian trade is insignificant and refuse to facilitate American commerce with the largest country in Europe or to recognize the longest-standing Government on the continent.

FROM director of the department of child welfare of Westchester County, New York, to judge of the new Children's Court of that same county would seem a rational and proper step. However, the opposition to Miss Ruth Taylor, who for seven years has filled the first position with diligence, efficiency, and imagination, and who aspires to the second, was extremely loud. It was threefold: First, Miss Taylor was a woman, and women are not usually judges; second, she was not a mother, so how could she be expected to know anything about children; third, and worst of all, she was not a lawyer and accordingly could never hope to master the intricacies of the law as it applies to juvenile delinquency and improper guardianship. With the support of the Republican organization, a non-partisan campaign committee, and a large number of women voters of both parties—a rather promiscuous group whose votes Miss Taylor cheerfully accepted—New York State's first woman candidate for judge of a juvenile court has won the Republican nomination by a large majority. Her election seems assured; by it Westchester County should acquire a public official with tact, sympathy, and special intelligence for her work: surely no man who was both a lawyer and a mother could do better!

THOSE who have come to look forward to the annual conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation have long since realized that nothing said at it is as important as its existence. This year 260 people at the George School in Pennsylvania discussed—and practiced for the period of the conference—cooperative living. "The conference included people who were Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish; white and black; conservative, liberal, and radical; Republican, Democratic, Single-tax, Socialist, and I. W. W.; coupon-clippers, professional people, and factory-workers." Throughout ran the note of eager search for a way of life which would abolish war and violence from earth. Of a somewhat different but equally encouraging character was the "School of Opinion" which, planned and directed by Frederic C. Howe, held savants and near-savants and plain folks in high converse for three weeks at Siasconset on Nantucket Island. Certainly these men and women did not agree but they talked things over with a common perception of the seriousness of the problems of our time and a deep desire to face facts. The note was not one of pessimism. A world with the sky and sea and moors of Nantucket is a world worth living in and planning for. Such conferences as these seem little things compared with the great happenings of the day, but the spirit in them is the spirit which may yet save our civilization.

SHAKESPEARE is giggling in his grave over the action of the Manchester Watch Committee, which has decided that "Blindfolded," an American crook film with pistols in it, can not be tolerated in Manchester for fear some one may learn the use of fire-arms from it, although just across the Irwell in the suburb of Salford the film will be permitted. "Sin for Suburbs," says the Swan of Avon: "It's a good old British slogan. I had some experience with it myself in the days when the Globe Theater had to be built across the Thames in Southwark because there were such cautious policemen and Puritans in London. Well, the sun don't move."

WITH profound regret *The Nation* announces the retirement from its active staff of editors of Carl Van Doren, who joins that of the *Century Magazine*. How able his contributions to our columns have been our readers are well aware; his associates alone can gauge the full measure of his scholarship, the skill of his pen, the freedom and range of his mind, and the breadth of his sympathies. They console themselves with the knowledge that he remains with *The Nation* as a member of its board of contributing editors and that his pen will still serve it from time to time. And they welcome as his successor as literary editor of *The Nation* Mr. John Macy, formerly literary editor of the Boston *Herald*, author of "The Spirit of American Literature" and "The Critical Game," who has distinguished himself almost equally as a student of literature and of public affairs.

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"What Was Your Father's Name?"

FROM within the charmed circle of Harvard authority a friend writes us:

I don't think Harvard is wrong about the race question. It is unfortunate that anything has to be done, but it really is necessary; and I am glad that Harvard is being open about it and not resorting to subterfuges. No one objects to the best Jews coming but the others make much trouble especially in the library. I don't wish to imply that the Gentiles are all saints—by no means. Some of our best Hebrews like Mr. X think it is a problem and must be met. I suppose when you read this you will say: "He is all wrong about this," so the best of friends will disagree again on a vital question.

Yes, we do disagree at every point with our friendly correspondent. We deny that the problem of the Jew at Harvard requires the college to act—it is only a few years since the Harvard wiseacres were sure that their beloved college was going to be swamped by Irish Catholic boys now that Boston had become a Catholic city ruled by the archbishop. We are aware, of course, that there are disagreeable Jews at Harvard, products of a race in transition, just as there were aggressive Irish Catholic boys at Cambridge who represented a passing phase in their evolution within the melting-pot, and as there are still disagreeable boys of old New England Stock. But we recall John Morley's writing that men are prone to forget that the inquiry what to do in a given state of facts involves the consideration whether to do anything. If Americans have one vice it is their tendency to rush to a legislature to pass laws, usually useless, in every temporary emergency. A university which is 287 years old does not need to legislate tomorrow against a condition which may prove transient and which certainly will be gravely affected by the limitation of immigration.

But if the situation were a hundred per cent worse at Harvard we should still protest against any discrimination, against the miserable pettifogging enrolment questionnaire just handed out to entering students, which includes such questions as where a candidate's father was born, who he is, and if his father has ever changed his name. The duty of a university which receives special favors from the state is to open its academic doors to all applicants who are intellectually qualified, regardless of race, creed, or color. If any group so admitted really shows a group tendency to bad habits or to dishonesty or to cheating and pilfering—as is charged, on doubtful evidence, against the Jews at Harvard in much of the whispering that is going on today—then it is the university's duty to reach the individual offenders by the exercise of its police power, just as Harvard always has done. If the Jewish students at Harvard really have been developing such tendencies the way they should be met is by greater undergraduate self-government, by the formation, let us suggest, of a special committee of the steadier Jewish under-graduates—Harvard always has eschewed any such democratic procedure—or by the private aid of a group of Jewish graduates, not by any plan to discriminate. For race discrimination, no matter what the excuse or the form, is treason to democracy and to the American ideal.

Again, we hear it said that Harvard is too large anyway, is overcrowded now so that the individual student of today cannot get the personal professorial attention his father received twenty-five years ago. To this we reply that Harvard is not as large as California, or Columbia, or Illinois, yet no one avers that the students there are suffering in their studies from over-crowding. True, President Hopkins of Dartmouth declares that "too many men are going to college" and calls for an "aristocracy of brains made up of men intellectually alert and intellectually eager." But, bless his innocent soul, if Harvard College were to rule out the boys who go there because their fathers went, or because it is the fashionable thing to do, or because they want a good time in clubs or athletics, and restricted its classes to the "intellectually alert and intellectually eager" there *would* be a Jewish invasion of Harvard—because there are proportionately more intellectually alert and eager Jewish boys looking for education than there are Gentiles. We have heard Southerners comment with alarm on the fact that in rural communities there is greater thirst for education among Negroes than whites. This ought to be the case among lately oppressed groups striving for educational and economic equality. The Phi Beta Kappa is worried to death lest it be feminized by the superior scholarship of women students who were but so recently received into our colleges.

As for picking the "best" Jews as our correspondent suggests—what means "best"? The sons of rich and prosperous Jewish bankers and dry-goods store owners, who have traveled abroad and learned good manners? The parents of some of the best Jewish men we know came over in the steerage and still smack of the ghetto. Prof. Michael Pupin is today one of our great scientists, one of our "best minds." Yet his father and mother could neither read nor write. True, he is not a Jew; but we could parallel his case with many a similar Jewish one. No one can tell what may lurk under a rude and unattractive exterior. Was not the great Josiah Royce of Harvard one of the ugliest of men? Every college graduate knows that certain members of his class who were least promising during college days have become the most useful and distinguished after graduation. Once a university begins to select its students on any ground but that of scholarship it is undermining its own position as an institution of learning. Its function is to educate for the future, not to judge the individual's past; to develop brain-power, not to give its students a social rating. The very fact that Harvard is considering a Jewish "problem" and taking steps that seem to look toward measures of exclusion will be reason enough for scores of lesser colleges more or less avowedly to put up the bars.

No, there is no safe test to winnow out the "best" of any group except scholarship. If Harvard wishes to limit its total number of students like Amherst or Vassar and to make entrance the price of high scholarship it is entitled to do so. But if it applies any other test and discriminates against any group it ceases to be a public service institution deserving of aid and support from the state. It should then be taxed like any private money-making correspondence school or institute of stenography. If Harvard closes its doors upon any race Massachusetts ought to establish a people's university like those in Illinois, Wisconsin, California, and other Western States and keep its doors open to all. There is not too much university education as President Hopkins suggests but far too little. Indeed, the time may yet come when the right to a university education will be assumed as the privilege of every competent child who passes through the secondary schools, and a necessary insurance of a true and capable democracy.

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More Daugherty

JUDGE WILKERSON has obligingly given Attorney General Daugherty a "clear-cut victory" in confirming his omnibus injunction. To our lay mind the judge's decision is disingenuous. Apparently he enjoins the shopmen's strike as an unlawful conspiracy in restraint of trade, but according to the newspaper summaries he dwells most on acts of violence. If the strike as a whole is a conspiracy in restraint of trade it would be so whether there were violence or not. Is the learned judge not hiding an autocratic decision that railroad men may not strike behind a proper condemnation of violence? Although the original injunction has been slightly modified and the strike is ending, Judge Wilkerson's decree is a very dangerous precedent and should be fought to the highest courts.

To two Tennessee editors has fallen the honor of defending American freedom against judicial tyranny. Jacob Cohen, editor of the Memphis, Tennessee, *Labor Review*, said some uncomplimentary things about strikebreakers. This was held by Judge Ross of the Federal District Court to be in contempt of his local edition of the Daugherty injunction; Cohen was sentenced to six months in jail and to a fine of $1,000. Thereupon G. V. Sanders, editor of the Memphis *Press*, took up the editorial sword in behalf of free speech. For that act he too must face the judge's wrath.

These are things that make Americans in and out of Congress urge the impeachment of the Attorney General. Impeachment, however, is unlikely. The House is too much like Daugherty in politics and principles—or lack of them—to be a vigorous prosecutor of charges against him. It will be hard to prove that Daugherty's general unfitness and his suspicious friendliness to certain corporations come under the head of "treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors," which are the constitutional grounds for impeachment. Nevertheless, the committee inquiry set for next December, with Samuel Untermyer and Frank Walsh as assisting attorneys, may uncover enough evidence to make Mr. Daugherty's position untenable.

Perhaps these attorneys may find material in the new chapter Mr. Daugherty is adding to the scandal of the Rosenbluth case. He has ordered a Federal grand jury in Tacoma, Washington, to investigate the death of Major Alexander Cronkhite at Camp Lewis during the war, obviously in a new effort to fasten responsibility on Captain Robert Rosenbluth. As *The Nation* has previously recorded, the case against Rosenbluth was dismissed on July 18, 1921, on the Government's own motion. The Department of Justice turned over the case—without some of its important papers—to the local prosecutor, James A. Selden, who refused to prosecute on the ground that Rosenbluth was clearly innocent. Mr. Daugherty has steadily refused a Congressional inquiry into the case; he has let Federal grand jury after grand jury come and go without presenting his evidence. Yet suddenly, at a cost of thousands of dollars in witness fees, he orders an investigation! Even now his subordinate refuses to subpoena Captain Rosenbluth who is told that he may appear at his own expense. There are only two reasons for this action: either Mr. Daugherty is determined to save his own miserable face at any cost, or behind him are men intent on making a Dreyfus case here in America with a Jewish officer as the victim. Either supposition invites a public demand that Daugherty must go.

Constantinople a New Gibraltar?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has backed down—a little. He has agreed to join in sending a Franco-Italian-British note to Mustapha Kemal virtually promising him Constantinople and Eastern Thrace, including Adrianople, if he will undertake not to send his troops into the so-called neutral zone along the Straits and the Sea of Marmora and will send plenipotentiary representatives to a conference, probably at Venice, to be attended by representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece, there to negotiate a final treaty of peace. This sounds like a great deal to a public which does not realize that the Allies had promised most of this to the Turks several times before. Our newspapers have presented them to us in such a manner that we almost inevitably regard these terms as exceedingly reasonable and any conditions which Mustapha Kemal might make as extreme. Mustapha's answer has not been made when this is written but an analysis of the situation may cast light upon that answer, whatever it may be.

Since the armistice the Allies have occupied Constantinople and the so-called neutral zone bordering the Straits. Under the proposed terms they continue to occupy them—although promising to evacuate them if and when a mutually satisfactory treaty is negotiated covering other points in dispute. Mustapha Kemal is asked to hold his troops outside the zone. The Allies make no reciprocal promises not to move troops eastward. The Allies—which in this case means the British—continue to hold the stakes; Mustapha receives merely a conditional promise of better things. If he accepts this agreement, he will actually have gained only Smyrna and the territory adjacent to the neutral zone, hitherto occupied by the Greeks. Conditional upon his accepting this status, he is given a promise which upon analysis seems almost to include a menace: the three Governments will support at the conference attribution of the Maritza frontier (virtually that of 1913) in Eastern Thrace to Turkey, it being understood, however, that certain zones, not specified, will be demilitarized, and that the maintenance of the freedom of the Dardanelles and the protection of minorities in Turkey will be committed to the League of Nations. The League, of course, is controlled by the Allies. Another phrase refers to steps "to obtain peaceful and orderly reestablishment of Turkey's authority," which in the light of recent history, and particularly of the Treaty of Sèvres, may be suspected to mean Allied "cooperation" in the establishment of Turkish police and financial systems, and the restoration of the capitulations. The Allies also agree to support the admission of Turkey to the League of Nations, to "use their influence" to obtain the retirement of Greek troops in Eastern Thrace, before the conference, to a line still to be fixed, and to withdraw their troops from Constantinople as soon as the treaty of peace has entered into force.

But it might well be a very long time before any mutually satisfactory treaty is signed. Even the Treaty of Sèvres promised Turkey Constantinople and a portion of Eastern Thrace; the Allied pronouncement of March 27, 1922, promised still more of Eastern Thrace to Turkey, and Smyrna as well, and specifically agreed to modify the Allied control of Turkish finances and of the Turkish army proposed in the Treaty of Sèvres. Mr. Lloyd George turns out not to

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have backed down so very far after all. The concessions now proposed are very like those made last March. And bitter as has been Turkish opposition to the territorial amputations which the Allies at first attempted to impose upon them, their opposition has been even keener to the proposed extension of the pre-war foreign control of Turkish internal affairs. On those matters Mr. Lloyd George has made no promises; the disagreements are likely to continue. The Turks themselves have agreed to some international guaranty of freedom of the Straits, but about the form of the implied control there may be dissension.

If Mustapha Kemal wants some hint of the probable disposition of the proposed conference he has only to look over the list of the nations invited to attend. It consists of the four great Entente Powers, and the three Balkan Powers which fought against Turkey and the Central Powers in the late war. Russia, which has far greater interests in the fate of the Dardanelles than any of these, is left out—because she is too friendly to Mustapha Kemal and nationalist Turkey. Bulgaria, most concerned of all the Balkan Powers, is left out—because she was Turkey's ally in the late war, and also because she might rightfully claim a readjustment of her frontiers. It is a revival of wartime lines. A new dictation à la Versailles is proposed, not common-sense conference of all the interested Powers sitting as equals honestly seeking a common adjustment. When the question of the Straits comes up "control by the League" may be discovered to resemble the proposal made in the Treaty of Sèvres for an international commission to be composed of two representatives each of the Great Powers not directly concerned (Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, and Japan), and one each of Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey, with two for Russia, cautiously withheld until she becomes a member of the League. There is a sinister look in the composition of this conference. It is elementary to say that a settlement of the outlet of the Black Sea which leaves the greatest Black Sea Power, Soviet Russia, out of consideration, cannot be permanent; or that it is playing with combustibles at this late date to leave Bulgaria and the Danube Powers out and include Japan.

The history of the past four disillusioning years has made it clear that control of Constantinople and the Straits by the Allies, or by the Ally-controlled League, means control by the dominant sea Power of Europe, Great Britain; the demilitarization proposed, ardently as it is to be desired, only makes more sure that naval control. It has also made clear the vanity of League guaranties for the protection of minorities, whether in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, or Turkey; and the emotional humanitarianism which sees in such paper guaranties a solution of the tragedy of those minorities is worse than useless. The only protection of such minorities these days comes from the majority, and such unbiased reports as those of Mr. Mark O. Prentiss in the New York *Times* indicate that the Turkish majority is beginning to feel its responsibility. Outsiders who harass that majority are an indirect cause of further oppression, outsiders who permit that majority to enjoy its rights take one step toward inducing it to give its subject minorities their rights. But so far as anything in the Allied conditions indicates, the probability seems to be that the Dardanelles are to be a new Straits of Gibraltar, dominated and controlled by Great Britain. That does not seem to us a happy augury for the future.

"Words, Words, Words"

IT is a commonplace that long literary use wears language out, that words become like obliterated coins and cease wholly to correspond to precise things or clearly defined notions. Maupassant in his preface to "Pierre et Jean" explained the matter memorably. But long before him, even before his master Flaubert, the Romantics had, in all essentials, completed the task of refreshing the diction of literature by dropping the names of concepts and broad qualities in order to enshrine in each word something incomparable and unique.

The process has now gone on for a hundred years. Heine and Pater and Stevenson and innumerable minors spent their lives in pursuit of the happy and precise expression, of the word that was to give the reader a little pleasurable shock by the combination of comeliness and aptness in its use and moment. All delicate fancies and subtle impressions and the faint psychical colors of our shifting moods were sought out and given just and electrical names. Many of these in time were widely disseminated; felicities once curious were no longer so; today the gleaner after the nineteenth-century masters finds only wintry stubble in his barren field.

Yet literature continues and must continue to be individualistic in its intention and tenor. Its search is still for the unique and incomparable. But old felicities are tarnished; a precision that but yesterday cut clean has lost the fineness of its edge. Hence the writer is tempted to go farther and farther afield in his need for personal expressiveness of diction and is often lost in the hopelessly bizarre and obscure. This is the cause for the eccentricities of the latest born in literature, for the jagged and violent words and sentences in the little magazines of the secessionists of the moment. To them this mode of expression is pregnant with meaning; the reader misses it without being either hostile or dull.

There is a worse danger in the situation than this. Failing to find a fresh and stinging word for that which is, several among the youngest writers have persuaded themselves that they both feel and perceive things that can be clothed in new combinations of language. They achieve the new combinations, but at the expense of truth to experience, and give us glittering paragraphs that correspond to nothing either on sea or land or in the mind of man. They, like their colleagues who discard syntax and sometimes even articulate speech, also fall into obscurity. And obscurity is the least pardonable of literary vices.

What is the remedy for this inevitable and not at all negligible danger to literature? Perhaps it lies in subordinating, at least for a period, fineness to power, infinite delicacy to emotional impact. The strongest words have not lost their strength nor the homeliest their savor. If the writer is sure that the lash of experience has hit his flesh and that speech, unless it arise, will throttle him on the spot, such words will suffice him. If his compulsion toward his art is less than that, no iridescent subtleties gleaming from obscure or fantastically wrought pages will justify or save him. It is becoming a neglected truth that greatness or intensity of soul produces finer literature than a strange or intricate use of words, and that a starry passion will not ponder beside the barriers of expression but crash through almost before it is aware of them.

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These United States—XIII*

CALIFORNIA the Prodigious

By GEORGE P. WEST

CALIFORNIA lies wide and luminous and empty under the infinite blue between the high Sierra and the sea. Horizons are not miles but counties away, and between distant mountain sky-lines the land, lustrous and radiant in pastel shades of blue and green and golden brown, swims in warm sunlight. A physical entity seven hundred miles long and two hundred and fifty wide, California is cut off from the nearer West by a high rampart of mountains, with the sea on its other flank, while on the north its contact with Oregon lies across a wild tumble of mountains and forests, and on the south there is only the trackless mountainous desert of Mexico's Lower California. Inside these limits lies a land larger than Italy and Switzerland, as richly endowed with beauty and natural wealth as any in the world, with a climate of a semi-tropical friendliness that robs the mere business of sustaining life of its rigors and leaves human energy free for whatever other tasks the spirit may conceive. Within itself in stimulating variety are great deserts; noble mountain ranges where peaks of 14,000 feet go unnoticed; vast stretches of rich farming land in valleys flat as a billiard table; gentler mountains along the coast, where immigrants from northern Italy cultivate the vine or descendants of the Spanish conduct cattle ranches larger than Eastern counties; great regions in the north where mountain and valley are black with forests of giant pine and redwood, and bear lope across the logging road ahead of the infrequent stage; endless miles of glittering sea-coast where the lazy blue Pacific crashes and pours at the foot of tawny brown hills; gold mines and placer diggings in the lower canyons of the Sierra; valleys and foothills that at certain seasons are one vast flare of blossoming fruit trees; broad belts of olive-green orange and lemon orchards and of silver-green olives.

For northern Europeans made somber and astringent by a centuries-long struggle with obdurate soil and unfriendly climate to stumble upon such a land and discover it empty and waiting was in itself a dramatic episode in the life of the race. The people who call themselves Californians are not yet over their surprise. A sense of the prodigious abides with them. They are like children let loose in a new and wonderful nursery, and their enjoyment lies still in the contrast of its spacious magnificence with the meagerness into which they were born. The joy of the discoverer still exhilarates them, and stimulated and organized as their "Loosting" is by the land speculator and the hotel-keeper, its swelling chorus voices also a generous eagerness to share the new-found blessings with friend and neighbor. They live in the radiance of a great destiny, which envisages the taming and the diverting of the torrents of the high Sierra, so that valley after valley and desert after desert now lying parched and empty shall become so many gardens for the culture of children and roses. The Californian of today is a pioneer in the task of turning water onto virgin soil and transforming wheat ranches, grazing land, even desert, into patinas of orchards and vineyards and truck-gardens.

But only the map-makers and politicians still think of California as an entity. In its human aspects it is sharply divided into north and south. There is San Francisco and there is Los Angeles, each with a million people within an hour's travel. Between the two stretch nearly five hundred sparsely settled miles of mountain and valley and desert, and a spiritual gulf wider still. These two communities *are* the State, in a cultural sense, and they are farther apart, in background and mental habits, than New York and San Francisco, or Chicago and Los Angeles. For ten years there has been a movement to write southern California with a capital S. Its people are as different from the older Californians up San Francisco-way as Cromwell's Roundheads were different from the Cavaliers and the seventeenth century successors of Falstaff. It is a difference of origins.

San Francisco's beginnings have been sufficiently celebrated. In an epilogue to "Two Years Before the Mast," Richard Henry Dana describes in diary form a visit to San Francisco in 1859. Here, set down more than sixty years ago, are observations that remain true of the city of today. "It is noticeable," he writes, "that European continental fashions prevail generally in this city—French cooking, lunch at noon, and dinner at the end of the day, with *café noir* after meals, and to a great extent the European Sunday, to all of which emigrants from the United States and Great Britain seem to adapt themselves. Some dinners which were given to me at French restaurants were as sumptuous and as good, in dishes and wines, as any I have found in Paris."

It is a picture of the one pioneer American community where Puritanism was never permitted to intimidate the gusto and the zest for living of healthy men. Dana meets "a man whom I had known, some fifteen years ago, as a strict and formal deacon of a Congregational Society in New England. . . . Gone was the downcast eye, the bated breath, the solemn, non-natural voice, the watchful gait, stepping as if he felt himself responsible for the balance of the moral universe! He walked with a stride, an uplifted open countenance, his face covered with beard, whiskers and mustache, his voice strong and natural, and, in short, he had put off the New England deacon and become a human being."

Thus Dana in 1859—and still today the north holds all that is natively and distinctively Californian. It faces San Francisco, and celebrates the Argonauts of forty-nine as New England the Mayflower Pilgrims. It is a lusty, cosmopolitan community that has drawn its later increments of population largely from Ireland and northern Italy, and that maintains with undiminished gusto the Good-Fellow tradition instead of the Puritan. It cherishes a romantic, conventional æstheticism, drinks wine habitually, despite the

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This is the thirteenth article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31), the fifth on New Jersey by Edmund Wilson, Jr. (June 14), the sixth on Utah by Murray E. King (June 28), the seventh on South Carolina by Ludwig Lewisohn (July 12), the eighth on Nebraska by Anne Martin (July 26), the ninth on Ohio by Sherwood Anderson (August 9), the tenth on Maine by Robert Herrick (August 23), the eleventh on Delaware by Arthur Warner (September 6), the twelfth on Tennessee by E. E. Miller (September 20).

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Eighteenth Amendment, feels a vast tolerance toward weaknesses of the flesh, nurses a sense of the great world, a feeling of kinship with New York and Paris, a contempt born of utter ignorance for Chicago and the Middle West, a touch with the Orient, a love of the sea, a quick eye for the picturesque and the romantic. It loves fetes and pageants and froths with uncritical sentiment at the slightest provocation. There is a regard for the past such as you will hardly find in Boston. "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine" live again in the imagination of every schoolchild. Yet this San Francisco which holds an undisputed eminence over the older California belongs rather to the world and to the sea, which pierces the coast here through the narrow straits of the Golden Gate, between steep cliffs, and spreads out then into a bay of vast extent. One arm of it runs south for twenty miles and leaves between it and the sea a mountainous sliver of land with San Francisco crowded onto its northerly tip. The city's half-million live on wind-swept and seagirt hills, now drenched with fog, now bathed in a sunlight that is opalescent and sparkling and bracingly cool in reminiscence of the sea-mist that here never quite surrenders to the California sun. They live for the most part in the innumerable downtown hotels and apartments, or in solid blocks of wooden houses and tenements, standing flush with the sidewalk, painted white or gray, ugly with scroll-work. Here and there through the town a cluster of charming houses in Italian renaissance cling incredibly to some steep hillside and look sheerly down over the red-brown roofs of gray tenements to the blue Bay. But the city would be hideous if its streets were not forever marching up sheer hillsides or plunging down from dizzy heights to the flashing sea, so that the poorest Italian on Telegraph Hill knows the imminent glory of far-flung waters and encircling hills, and breathes clean winds from afar.

Contrast and surprise lurk around every corner, and the city's people are sensitive and untiringly appreciative of every beauty, every contrast, every grotesquerie. They love their city as a man loves a woman of many moods and surprises. And the town is incurably bizarre and exotic. Cool trade winds blow down its streets every summer afternoon, and toward 5 o'clock a fleecy white billowing sea-fog, chill, eerie, palpable, drifts eastward over its hill-tops, hugging the land, bringing the feel and smell of the sea like a presence. It throws a glamor over the cheaply built wooden tenements, mile after mile of them. It makes of summer evening interiors so many cozy havens from its chill and sinister mystery, and accounts in part for a cafe life that for generations has been normal and habitual. People of every race and nation meet on an equal footing in the restaurants and on the streets. For San Francisco belongs to Europe and the Pacific Islands and the Orient and Latin America and the wanderers of the sea as well as to California.

Chinatown is now adored by a people who stoned Chinese a generation ago, only to discover, after the exclusion act had removed them as an economic factor, that they are a singularly honest, humorous, and lovable folk. The Japanese might be more popular if the large Japanese colony weren't so colorless. Perhaps we should be touched and flattered by their eagerness to discard everything Oriental and adopt every Western banality of dress and custom. It would take a Freudian to explain why the intensely proud, nationalistic Japanese should do this while the Chinese persist in their own ways. San Francisco owes its Oriental flavor to Chinese who came before the exclusion act, or were born here, or smuggled in.

For the rest, San Francisco is distinguished by its startlingly radiant women with their superb health and their daring color; by its swaggering working men; by its rowdy and disreputable politics, nourished by an underworld that remains institutional and arrogant in spite of prohibition; by the imminence of the sea and the life of ships; by its dozens of odd characters, past and present, such as the monkey-house bar where an old man in a plug hat sold liquor amid the chattering of birds and beasts from the Pacific Islands—a long-vanished phenomenon that is yet somehow eloquent of the town today.

Here, in this district about the Bay, is the California of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, John Muir, Robert Louis Stevenson, Frank Norris, Ambrose Bierce, Edwin Markham, Henry George, Gertrude Atherton, Henry Morse Stephens, Gelett Burgess, Lincoln Steffens, George Sterling, the Irwin boys, Jack London; the California of Stanford and California universities; the California of the Vigilantes, Nob Hill, the Big Four of the Central Pacific; Abe Ruef and the graft prosecution; the Mooney case; the California of Hiram Johnson, Fremont Older, William Randolph Hearst, David Starr Jordan, Herbert Hoover.

San Francisco has always been a favorite with those who rail against a Puritan and regimented America. Yet it might be instructive to our legions of young people who indolently blame Puritanism for everything banal to come and live for a time with these anti-Puritans of the Golden Gate. They would find the Good-Fellow tradition as stifling in its way as the Puritan, and harder to escape. There is a celebrated club in San Francisco the very name of which is a protest against Philistinism. It admits writers and artists without fee, and proceeds then to kill them with kindness. It has blunted more than a few men of first-rate talent by acclaiming them to the clink of glasses, drowning them in an easy and bibulous success, censoring in them any impulse to self-expression not compatible with the *mores* and taboos of the Good Fellow. Each year it presents an elaborate masque in blank verse in a noble grove of giant redwoods. Words and music are written by members, and the most successful business and professional men of the town compete for part in the caste. The plays celebrate friendship or portray the burial of care. Usually they are rather conventional and dull, full of "What Ho!'s" and "Who Is Without?'s" but the members sit through the performance with a touching religious fidelity, proudly conscious of their role as patrons of the arts and further assuaged for the tedium of the performance by a warm hazy alcoholic glow. For all that it is a brave and handsome enterprise. But when Witter Bynner, sojourning in California and admitted to membership, signed a plea for the release of political prisoners, the heavens fell on him and there was such a club row as reverberated for days in the newspapers of the town.

Yet it is hard to be critical of a town where George Sterling is as popular as Edgar Guest in Detroit; where a tiny Spanish galleon with golden sails, set in the center of a public square between Chinatown and the Barbary Coast, commemorates Stevenson's sojourn, where successful business men even pretend an enjoyment of the arts. Many young people here are without that hard-boiled quality, that contemptuous sophistication, which blights so many

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American youngsters of the prosperous middle class. The minority who have escaped the cultural sterility of a nation that worships salesmanship is perhaps a little larger, in proportion, among native Californians than among Americans generally.

But because Puritanism never did prevail here, one misses certain advantages of the Puritan temperament. In the East young people find it exhilarating to make their rebellion. There is passion and iron in it. California youngsters miss some of that thrill. They grow up in a society congenial enough to seduce them. Where good fellows are not barbarians there is a tremendous temptation to be one. In more than one respect living in California is like being happily married to a very beautiful woman, a placid, maternally wise, mentally indolent woman of the classic tradition, whose mere presence allays restlessness by making it seem gratuitous and a little ridiculous. In California one worries and squirms for fear one is not worrying and squirming enough. It is not only the need of a market that sends creative youngsters scampering to New York. From a California hill-top, much of the eager striving and rebellion afoot in the world get to seem mere stridency, much of the hard discipline of creative effort so much senseless drudgery.

Nor must anything here set down show San Francisco in too rosy a hue as a sparkling oasis in an America, in a world, that seems so often these days the desert of this metaphor. What Dana's outnumbered New Englanders could not accomplish in the fifties has been, to an extent, accomplished by the leveling and regimenting processes of our industrial civilization, so that here as elsewhere men and women go about too much as though listless and driven, as though bound on the wheel. And a nationalism that in this one of its effects seems suffocating and unnatural brings San Francisco within the workings of the Prohibition amendment, where its Latin spirit flutters, crippled and bewildered, like a bird in a church.

Not so the wide region at the other end of the State that calls itself the Southland. Wine was never honored in this heaven on earth set up and maintained by the great Mississippi Valley as a dazzling reward for thrift and piety. Southern California is an amazing achievement in colonization, an achievement not of California but of the Middle West. It stands there flaunting its testimony to the wealth and the overflowing population of what was yesterday our Middle Border. They discovered it when the first trains rolled westward over the newly completed Santa Fe and Southern Pacific in the eighties. It lay empty before them, except for a few negligible and benighted Spanish-Americans. Real estate speculators and health-seekers and the elderly retired came first. They were mostly New Englanders of modest savings, confirmed in their Puritanism by a generation or two of hard work and drab living in the Middle West. And they were not to be seduced by anything in the air of California or the ways of its shiftless caballeros. Among them there was no turning of backs on the familiar. They brought their household gods and all their mental baggage with them, and set them up in California without missing a prayer-meeting. They accepted the mountains and the sunshine as their due from God for being thrifty, Republican, Protestant, and American, but they did not neglect to give thanks regularly at the churches which they promptly erected. Most of their social life still centers about these churches, which remain amazingly untouched by any profane idea or discovery that has come into the world in the past hundred years. Of the New England that flowered in the great Unitarians, in the Abolitionists, in Phillips Brooks, in Thoreau, in William James, there is scarcely a trace.

The preempting by these people of southern California, a land drenched in sunshine and fragrance and sensuous, languorous beauty, is poignant irony. Contemplating one of their towns, with its trim bungalows and shrewd Yankee faces and many churches, it is easy to conjure up the ghostly figure of an ancient caballero, sitting graceful in his saddle under the moon, a brown-paper cigarette in his lips, long tapaderos brushing the ground, the moonlight glistening on the heavy silver trimmings of his bridle, gazing scornfully, wonderingly, sadly down from a hill-top over the electric-lighted rectangles of these victorious aliens. In a short generation they have wiped out a Homeric society of Latins and Indians and replaced it with a Gopher Prairie de luxe.

To write thus of the Yankee strain that predominates for the moment in rapidly changing southern California is to fall into the literary habit of the hour. Some day, as the drubbing continues, those of us who come of that stock will feel a pricking of latent pride, a call to arms. And we shall find, then, and reaffirm in new terms, certain brave victories for the human spirit, certain unique conquests of happiness and even of beauty. Probably we shall always feel that they were bought at a frightful price of suppression and perversion, a price demanded not alone by the racial heritage of northern Europeans, but also by the hard conditions of pioneer American living. But the victories are real. They are to be seen today in southern California, where the orthodox American genius has proved itself not merely acquisitive, but creative as well, by bringing into being towns and countrysides that in homes, and schools, and gardens, and in every sort of community enterprise show a taking of thought, an intelligent care, a vast competence, a striving for a kind of life from which, if the free and diverse and inquiring impulses are banished, so also are the ogrish and the sensual. One may not disregard the community taboos. But by regarding them one may feel the community enveloping one in a kind and neighborly and even gracious concern. Out of the agglomeration of diverse and unoriented elements that make up southern California came, a decade ago, the major impulse behind most of the political progress associated with the six years of Hiram Johnson's governorship. True, it was in essence the orderly and moralistic impulse of comfortable, privileged commoners intent on putting down the heathen. The same people seemed in 1920 utterly satisfied with Mr. Harding. They destroyed the corrupt, generous, disreputable old railroad machine that had ruled the State for forty years. But they jail radicals and squelch labor organizers with more gusto still, with the same pious resentment once detected by the writer in one of their typical individuals, a retired farmer, who had discovered a cat that didn't belong there under his garage, and forthwith brought out a shotgun with moral and sanguinary intent.

Along with the elderly and the moderately prosperous who represent the virtue of the Middle West, the climate has attracted a vast assortment of odds and ends of humanity—poor souls in sick bodies, victims of all manner of starvations and suppressions and perversions. Every weird cult and -ism flourishes on the patronage of these pitiful refugees. Large areas of the community are stamped with shoddiness—the shoddiness of "folksy" real-estate men who

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station forlorn women on the sidewalks to hand cards to passers-by, or who advertise free turkey dinners at the opening of their new additions; of wornout farmers and their wives from the prairie States who move about blinking in the unaccustomed sunlight and take refuge in their churches; of a horde of petty venders and mountebanks who prey on them. Bible Institutes flourish, and the thousands who flock to them are aroused to excitement by the reaffirmation of such doctrines as the second coming of Christ. Here, too, have come in increasing numbers the camp-followers and veterans of such professional sports as baseball and boxing and automobile-racing and of less reputable trades, so that Los Angeles is acquiring an underworld and a half-world of startling proportions, which shades into the lower reaches of the movies.

That serpent crawled into this garden unnoticed, tawdry bands of adventurers from "the show business" who took up quarters at third-rate hotels, twelve or fourteen years ago, and began making "Westerns." Today there are ten thousand actors alone in and around Los Angeles, including all who are listed with the central casting bureau from millionaire stars to drug-addicts used for "atmosphere" in plays of the underworld. The movies spend hundreds of millions a year for salaries and materials. They have profoundly changed the tone of Los Angeles, a sprawling, formless city with an underlying population of Middle Western villagers, and their influence reaches into every home of the Southland where there are boys and girls. In Hollywood, Puritanism out of Iowa lives neighbor to this demimondaine of the arts.

But California, like any youngster, is chiefly interesting for what it may become. As they go about the State and comprehend its natural resources, men of any imagination at all are able to foresee here a great society. Other States no older have already begun to "settle down," but here the seventy-five years of American occupation have made only a beginning. Development has been slow because a fuller use of soil and climate has waited always upon finding and conducting new water at enormous expense, and upon adapting tropical or semi-tropical plants at the cost of endless experimenting. No decade passes now without an excited planting of hitherto neglected acres to a new fruit or nut or a new variety, discovered usually by some obscure putterer in experimental gardens maintained by the State or Federal Government and then promptly exploited by shoals of land salesmen. And ceaselessly, in the high mountains, first engineers and then workmen concentrated in great temporary camps perform prodigies of tunneling and damming to get more water for irrigation and more hydroelectric power for the cities and for pumping more water still from the beds of the valleys. Instead of the four millions who inhabit the State today, every Californian confidently looks forward to the time when there shall be twenty or thirty millions, and these visions are shared by the disinterested and the skeptical, by such authorities, for instance, as Dr. Elwood Mead. This sense of a great future is a challenge to every citizen with an instinct for state-building or social engineering. (One uses terms hateful to the individualist, who indeed will find it hard going for a long time to come in a State where even tilling the soil requires organized community enterprise in getting water and in marketing its peculiar crops.) The future is a challenge, equally to the conservative and the radical, each of whom wishes ardently to build the greater community according to his pattern. Today California is eminently a child of privilege, the largess of its climate and soil increased at the expense of the rest of the country by means of high tariffs that give its growers almost a monopoly and so keep half a dozen delicacies off the tables of the poor. The benefits are promptly capitalized in land values, so that citrus and walnut orchards bring as much as $5,000 an acre. Unimproved land fit for tillage is held at $200. Nearly as much more is required to prepare it for planting and irrigating, to provide the minimum in equipment and living quarters, and to sustain life until the first returns. It is a situation that has already checked development and made of fruit-growing or farming of any sort a rich man's game. And the tariff corrupts the State's participation in national politics, by making of its congressmen so many log-rollers in collusion with special privilege everywhere.

One thing California has achieved already: a body of water law, in statutes and decisions, that establishes the principle of beneficial use as a condition to possession, and that decides as between users in favor of the greater number. And this year the private control of hydro-electric power by half a dozen great companies is being challenged by the influential and widely-supported sponsors of an initiative act substituting state development and operation —a socializing of this vital necessity that may be safely predicted for the near future even if it is defeated this year. There remains the land. A constitutional amendment limiting tenure by the single tax method, in accordance with the principle of beneficial use, received a quarter of a million votes in 1916. It has been more decisively beaten since then. If one were not hopeful, if one did not cling to the belief that it is too late in the day, one might foresee California becoming another Italy, the Italy of a generation or so ago, with beggars and an aristocracy. The beggars it would be easy to manage, in time. It requires more imagination to see our land speculators, with their Rotary badges and Elks buttons on belted khaki coats, metamorphosed into anything corresponding even dimly to the Italian aristocracy. To prevent that sort of thing there are a fair number of local H. G. Wells's—such men and women as are now pushing the Power Act—with a generous following. And, far off, new winds are blowing, and gently, oh, so gently, stirring the minds of the people of the Golden State.

Sonata Da Chiesa

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

If I should suffocate and never find
Escape from this cathedral, would they know
That, being hurt, I crowded in behind
This pillar, seeking comfort? Would they blow
The colored lanterns out and light instead
The muted candle flames? Should I explore
These aisles and lose my way, would it be said
That worse than darkness crept from door to door?
Or would some lovely legend multiply
Concerning that poor ghost, that broken reed?
This vast, perpetual twilight would imply
So much of sacristy to those in need.
That organ . . . should I climb those stairs and pray
For silence, would this fever drop away?

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The Fascist Labor Movement in Italy

By CARLETON BEALS

Rome, August 20

A THREE-DAY drizzle proved more effective in squelching the revolutionary demonstrations of '48 in London than all the king's horses and all the king's men. Similarly, the terrific heat of August has successfuly ended a threat of Fascist *rivoluzione di palazzo* in Italy. I arrived in Rome from Florence in time for the memorable sitting of the national Chamber when news had come of the general mobilization order of the Fascisti and of the concentration of numerous "squadrons" at the mouth of the Tiber. Everybody's nerves were abraided by the nation-wide strike called by the General Federation of Labor, the burning of the headquarters of the Socialist *Avanti* (for the second time in eighteen months), and the seizure of the communes of Milan and Genoa by the Fascisti. I was a breathless spectator at the turbulent scene in Montecitorio where order vanished, revolvers flashed, and the jangling bell of President de Nicola was swallowed up in screaming billingsgate. Then, the following day, came a noxious sirocco out of Africa, bringing with it a taste of fire; the sky shimmered and crackled; and the very walls of the century-old buildings seemed to glow. A hurried vote of confidence was granted Signor Facta, the Chamber adjourned its session, the deputies rushed away to the Riviera, the Communists skulked in the shade and the wineshops, the Fascisti disbanded.

But the real significance of recent events has not been in the panic of the Chamber, or the martial demonstrations of the Fascisti, or the Italian weather—rather in the evidence of the growing strength of the Fascist labor movement. The socialistic General Federation of Labor, which through 1919 and 1920 held Italian industry in a vice-like grasp and repeatedly threatened revolution, capitulated within a week after calling the recent general strike and has since permitted those of its striking members in the government service to be drastically disciplined. While this defeat was partly due to internal factional discord, an important factor was the changed attitude of the rank and file and the surprising strength of the newly-formed national Fascist labor organization. The train on which I was obliged to travel the first day of the strike, from Florence to Siena, was entirely manned by a Fascist crew, while black-shirted Fascisti were on guard in each car, and a squadron of eight was usually to be seen pacing each station platform.

The epithet "scab" does not cover such conduct. These occurrences represent a *volta face* of an important portion of Italian labor. To understand such a change in a proletariat as radical as that of Italy, it is necessary to recall certain facts regarding the Fascist movement. At the outset Fascism was more of a tendency than a well-defined organization with clear-cut principles. The *Fasci*, or bands, sprang into being to nationalize the annexed areas and to occupy Fiume. Even then they were supported by some powerful labor groups, as for instance the seamen's union (captained by the remarkable Giuseppe Giulietti) which ran in supplies to the D'Annunzian legionaries under the guns of the Italian warships whose cheering crews refused to fire. Later, directly after the factory seizures in September, 1920, by the metallurgical workers and the occupation of the estates by the peasants, the Fascisti hurled their strength upon the Communists and Socialists, helping to avert revolution. More recently, they turned to politics, organizing the National Fascist Party, which, with the Nationalists, controls forty-five seats in the Chamber. Then, toward the end of 1921, farm workers and later some city workers, disillusioned by the collapse of Russia, the failure of the factory and land seizures, the vacillation of their own leaders, the split in the radical ranks, and the lack of support by English and French labor, stampeded into the Fascist ranks.

The Fascist leadership is largely recruited from two prewar groups: the Nationalists, represented by Enrico Corradini and by Piero Marisch of Venice; and the syndicalists, represented by Alceste de Ambris of Fiumian fame, Leandro Arpinati, and Cesare Rossi. These two elements do not invariably work in harmony; in fact they represent two distinct tendencies only superficially united by a common tactical tradition of direct action and, at present, by a common love for the patria. It is largely due to the old syndicalist elements that a labor program has been evolved by the Fascisti which has appealed to the workers, who in Italy are saturated with individualistic and anarchistic doctrines and have never been wholly satisfied with socialist leadership.

A quite unrelated division is that of agrarian and industrial Fascism. Now the first pro-labor tendency in the Fascist ranks appeared in connection with agrarian Fascism. Throughout most of the Adriatic Delta district, the peasant leagues under Socialist leadership were all powerful and conducted important and successful cooperative colonies. But the policy of admitting every newcomer has greatly increased the membership, first by war refugees, later by demobilized soldiers, and today by thousands of unemployed. This has resulted in an alarming decrease in both hours and wages, in the destruction of all semblance of efficiency, and the wiping out of the customary yearly wage surpluses. At this stage the Fascisti, in many cases yoked with the large landowners, appeared on the scene with a program of land subdivision. The farm workers immediately joined the Fasci in wholesale numbers, so that these organizations soon got beyond the control of the proprietors. The result was the formation, at the Fascist national convention in Bologna last January, of *La Confederazione Nazionale delle Corporazioni Sindacali*. These *corporazioni* had sprung up previously in various agrarian and industrial centers and the Bologna convention merely attempted to unite and orient them. Since January the new national organization has grown rapidly, attracting not only farm workers, but factory workers in every industry and trade until today it claims more than 700,000 members—probably an exaggeration, but the figures sufficiently indicate its growth.

The Fascist labor strength was built up in two ways: Through "boring from within" the old unions and farm leagues and through the formation of entirely new groups sponsored and protected against Communist and Socialist aggression by the Fascist squadrons. Thus, in many localities, majorities of the membership of former leagues and unions have voted to affiliate with the new confederation.

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In many cases the internal tension of the older groups has proved utterly disruptive, and pitched battles have decided which faction should control funds and headquarters. Many former *Camere del Lavoro* have passed into the hands of the *corporazioni.* The secretary of the Fascist confederation, Rossoni, has just reported that in Novi Ligure the three thousand members of the *sindacati rossi,* or red unions, have joined the local *corporazioni* en masse. The Socialists themselves admit that in Cremona 90 per cent of the farm workers have enrolled with the Fascisti. In other instances the *corporazioni* are formed from small units who are willing to risk maltreatment and loss of employment. Nearly a year ago, the Fascist National Party secretary, Umberto Pasella, himself a former syndicalist leader, estimated that half the Fascist membership consisted of farm, factory, and marine workers. Hence it has not been difficult to form provisional committees in every industry and trade to carry on the work of organizing the *corporazioni.*

What is the significance of the new Fascist labor movement? What are its principles? Are they reactionary or progressive? What will be their effect on the future of Italian labor? Writes Guido Pighetti in a recent issue of *Polemica,* a Fascist monthly magazine:

> When "fascism" is said, "national syndicalism" is also said and when "national syndicalism" is said "fascism" is said. . . . National syndicalism is comprehended in this formula: "Give to the producers, the workers with hand and with brain, by means of vigorous individual education, the sense of solidarity of category [this word is preferred in Fascist theorizing to "class," implying the interrelation of all the accepted factors of production] in such manner that ultimately there may be stabilized, through discussion and struggle, pacific collaboration between the various categories, thereby obtaining the maximum possible benefit from the association of producers and by this means the elimination of all parasitism and all tyranny.

The resolution at Bologna of Michele Bianchi which created the new labor organizations was supported in several speeches embodying the following ideas:

1. Labor should be loyal to the patria.
2. Labor should sever all revolutionary and international affiliations.
3. "For us, all labor: even the astronomer in his laboratory . . . even the jurist, the archaeologist, the student of religion, even the artist—all who contribute to our spiritual patrimony; likewise, the miner, the sailor, the peasant."
4. Labor should achieve its ends by organization and education rather than by revolution.
5. Labor should collaborate in the management and operation of industry.
6. "Labor organizations should place the emphasis upon individual effort rather than attempt to create a dead level of hours and output."
7. "The state should not only stimulate production but should conscientiously guard the rights of the workers and see that capital at all times performs its social functions and does not oppress labor."

To many the Fascist labor activities are but "*jacqueries* that are definitely ruining the country;" to the Socialists, they are the atrocities of white guards and scabs in the pay of the capitalists; to the constitutional groups, they represent the overthrow of legal procedure and constitutional guaranties. All these charges are true and false, for among Italian political factions dividing lines are not clear cut; the supporting groups, and hence the programs and general alignments, are capricious and shifting; theory and practice rarely find felicitous union; and ethical issues are invariably blurred. The Fascisti (though rarely the syndicalist elements) have committed outrages only paralleled in ferocity by southern lynchings and the Ku Klux Klan raids. In defense of the Fascisti, however, it should be remarked that they make no attempt to conceal their identity, but go boldly and in uniform.

Equally true is the charge that the Fascisti have been the instrument of greedy private and reactionary interests. Thus in Trieste, fascism is still Irredentist—anti-Slav and anti-German; in Venice, where aristocracy seems to have, of all spots on earth, an almost inalienable reason for existing, it is nationalist and conservative; in Puglia it has acquired through its alliance with notorious political elements the opprobrious appellation of *mazzierismo;* in the Polesine and Lomellina it is purely bourgeois, bitterly opposed to the red proletariat; but, on the other hand, it is charged with being Communist in Parma; in most of the Adriatic Delta district it has become a peasant revolt, a back-to-the-soil movement with a program of land subdivision; and its radical affiliations in other centers are well known.

The proletarian Fascisti claim to have infused a new ethical concept into the Italian labor movement, a concept distinct from nationalism and from syndicalism: Industry is a social trust, not for the spoils of factions, class interests, or profiteers; industry must be kept going at all costs during the reconstruction period. Yet the vagueness and speciousness of much of the Fascist labor phraseology, the willingness to break up unions and cooperatives built through years of persistent organization, the inconsistency of violence with any true attainment of industrial peace, the bigoted nationalistic bias of the movement, and the failure of its members to appreciate any of the factors making for international concord—all belie much of the apparent idealism. The immediate effect has been the disruption of the Italian labor movement, which post-war conditions and the vacillation of the Socialist leaders had already made inevitable.

The situation has been dispassionately summed up by Don Sturzo, leader of the Popular Party:

> Fascism is not economically the police or the royal guard of the rich and predatory industrial bourgeoisie, nor will it maintain the parasitic industry that lives in the shadow of the state. . . . The rapid and violent manner in which Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist leagues have been transformed into Fasci, the ease with which the official heads and the dogmas of the Red International have been supplanted by other leaders and other myths of a patriotic and national character, in the sentimental sense of those adjectives, in no wise modifies the economic facts of the class struggle nor disposes of the iron laws of the distribution of wealth nor lessens the grave problem of the excess labor population. . . .
>
> Under such economic conditions there has been overthrown, by a convulsive and violent movement, a labor policy that was becoming excessive and monopolistic; the violent measures will be exhausted when resistance diminishes, but will reappear again on the terrain of the class struggle—now maintained by factions, yesterday by Socialists and Communists, tomorrow by . . . militant Fascisti.

To the liberal minded, the Italian labor horizon merely suggests

> "a darkling plain
> Swept with the confused alarms of struggle and flight
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

The situation attests to the disappointing bewilderment the faltering purpose, and the unenlightened leadership of the Continental labor movement at this hour when Europe is once more drifting toward chaos.

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WITCHCRAFT: Then and Now

By LUCIEN PRICE

I

They got them then a heavy Beam
They layde it on his Breast,
They loaded it with heavy Stones
And hard upon him prest.

"More weight," now sayed this wretched Man,
"More weight," again he cryed.
And he did no Confession make
But wickedlie he Dyed.

—*Ballad of Giles Corey (1692)*

ON October 8, the First Church in Danvers, Massachusetts, celebrates its 250th anniversary. Danvers is the later name for what was Salem Village, as distinct from Salem Town; and it was in this church, though not in its present building, that the witchcraft persecutions started.

It is not scale that makes the Salem witchcraft delusion one of those episodes which the world would like to forget. Only twenty-two persons are known to have perished by it, though, to be sure, hundreds suffered imprisonment, bereavement, and ruin. But a lively strike or railroad wreck or theater fire can surpass this in physical horror. The horror of the witchcraft delusion, the horror which keeps it alive in men's minds, is its moral horror. For it lifts trap doors to the nether regions of our common human nature. Those nether regions are present in the twentieth century as well as in the seventeenth, and the trap doors have been wide open of late for a witches' sabbath of superstition, cruelty, and delusion scarcely less shrill than any which was supposed to have flapped and screeched through the March-bare boughs of Mr. Parris's orchard in 1692.

For such as know their Mather, their Calef, their Upham, and their Drake, the tragedy readily composes. A quarrelsome West Indian trader, turned clergyman, Samuel Parris by name, comes to minister to a church already torn by a parish stir in a village smarting over a town boundary feud. He brings with him two Indian slaves, John and Tituba, man and wife. A bevy of village girls, to beguile the tedium of winter evenings in a Puritan village, fall to amusing themselves with fortune-telling, magic, trances, and, with Tituba's instruction, West Indian voodoo. Their seances grow hysterical. It is noised about that they may be bewitched. Parris, with his passion for getting up a scene, calls the clergy in to pray over them, and the doctors to diagnose. Both professions concur that the girls are bewitched . . . By whom? (For the Devil can only act through a human agent.) The girls, probably fearing punishment, begin to whimper that Tituba bewitched them. Next they accuse two forlorn and generally disliked old women. Alarums and excursions. Magistrates come from Salem Town to examine the accused in public. The "afflicted" girls screech, rave, see, or affect to see, the "specters" of these witches tormenting them. Magistrates and people are awed, astounded, and deluded. The old women are sent to jail to await trial . . . and the fire is in the timber.

Belief in witchraft was well-nigh universal. To doubt it was to doubt the Bible. It is a logical part of the demonology of Hebraic dualism. Salem Village was no more benighted than was London. The girl accusers, flattered by public attention, now felt their power. Their pretended second sight was accepted as valid "specter evidence;" and they began to strike right and left, first at people known to be in disfavor with clergy or magistrates, and soon in manifest response to suggestion from interested sources. At first the fire clearly followed the brush heaps of the parish stir and the town boundary feud; then it leaped to rick or roof as the winds of fear or hatred blew. The trials began, and the hangings. The Special Court was fanatical in its zeal. Not only was "specter evidence" accepted, every sort of irregularity was permitted in "this last battle with Satan in the New England wilderness." Witnesses were intimidated or tortured. Children were forced to testify against parents, husbands and wives against each other. Trial meant certain death. Confession meant pardon. Scores confessed. Some had the courage to recant their confessions knowing that it meant the gallows. The twenty that were hanged (two died in prison) all chose death rather than confess to a lie. Openly to defend the accused or to doubt the accusers was to incur accusation. Some braved this danger and perished for it. Some had to fly the colony.

Puritanism denied beauty and reaped horror. It closed the theaters and opened the witchcraft court. At first people flocked from near and far to see the show: trials and executions. But soon public opinion began to feel qualms about the business. Then the ruling class—court, legislature, and ministers—dreading a revulsion and popular fury, took alarm. And furiously did they grind their mill of death. The jury was browbeaten into returning verdicts of guilty. A local band of Vigilantes was organized. Evidence taken after the convicted had been executed was smuggled into the records of the trials. Giles Corey was pressed to death for standing mute before the court and refusing to plead. George Burroughs, a former minister at Salem Village, made a speech from the gallows which "drew tears from many, so that it seemed to some that the spectators would hinder the execution. As soon as he was turned off [hanged] Rev. Mr. Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people, partly to declare that Burroughs was no o r d a i n e d minister, and partly to possess the people of his guilt, saying that the Devil often had been transformed into an Angel of Light. This somewhat appeased the people and the executions went on." At the next hanging, Rev. Nicholas Noyes of Salem Town performed this same function of massaging public opinion: "Turning to the bodies, Mr. Noyes said, 'What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!'" Thus from April to September of that ghastly year. Then came the breaking-point. The accusers began to strike too high—at the ruling class; the wife of the Beverly minister, relatives of the magistrates, of the President of Harvard, the wife of the Governor himself, and Mr. Willard, the godliest minister in Boston. It was thought best to wind up the business. There were eight months of judicial, executive, legislative, and ministerial face-saving, followed by "such a jail-delivery as New England never knew."

But something more positive than the mere negative

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motive of ruling-class alarm went into the quenching of these flames. Backed by what they knew to be a growing public sentiment, there is reason to believe that certain liberals had been quietly at work behind the scenes: Thomas Brattle, Robert Pike, Increase Mather, Robert Calef, and several more, many of them, in justice be it said, clergymen. It took months, even years, to lay the devil that had been raised. Cotton Mather, Judge Stoughton, Samuel Parris, and Nicholas Noyes never acknowledged error. In contrast to these dignitaries, the jurymen did recant and beg public forgiveness. Typical of all that is finest and most redeeming in the genuine New England spirit was Judge Sewall, standing up in his place in Old South Meeting House while his confession of error and prayer for the forgiveness of God and his neighbors was read from the pulpit. To the end of his life this old thoroughbred kept a yearly day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, in repentance for his share in the murderous folly.

II

Idols change. Idolatry continues. In 1692 it is "specter evidence." In 1917-1922 it is a "war for democracy." To doubt the specter evidence that the war was indeed for democracy was to proclaim yourself a witch—foe of your country, your God, and your fellowmen. In Leavenworth Penitentiary today are seventy-one such witches, members of the I. W. W., fifty-two of whom refuse to plead for individual clemency. They were convicted of disbelief in our current superstitions of war and private property in a period of popular hysteria not unlike that of 1692, and by methods far from dissimilar.

A shade of illegality rests on the Special Court which tried the witchcraft cases. The conviction of these I. W. W. members was obtained upon a narrow margin of legal interpretation at a time when sane judgment was impossible. The reason they decline to plead for individual clemency is that they were not convicted as individuals but as a group: "We were convicted of a 'conspiracy' of which we are all equally innocent or all equally guilty." In Salem, the accused who confessed to the crime of witchcraft which they had not committed were pardoned, since confession justified their persecutors. These fifty-two I. W. W., in an open letter to President Harding, unwittingly provide this striking parallel: "We are told that we must either beg mercy for a crime that we did not commit, or remain in prison. We do not feel disposed to lie ourselves into freedom." At Salem, evidence against the accused taken after they were convicted and executed was smuggled into the records to bolster up the persecution. Not two months ago these members of the I. W. W. in Leavenworth were charged with a conspiracy, in 1917, to hinder the Government's prosecution of the war by calling a strike of transport workers in Philadelphia. No such charge was brought against them at their trial and no evidence was introduced to prove that they had ever so much as contemplated such an act. This adulteration of the records was only resorted to at Salem when the public mind had begun to feel a want of confidence in the "specter evidence" on which the victims were condemned. Dare we hope that our Government is beginning to sense in the public mind a want of confidence in the specter evidence on which these members of the I. W. W. were sentenced? Giles Corey, as the scurrilous old ballad at the head of this article attests, was mute and refused to plead before a court which he knew would not give him a fair trial. The members of the I. W. W. tried at Sacramento did the same. Giles Corey was pressed to death under beams and stones. These I. W. W. are being pressed to death under sentences of 10 and 20 years. The victims at Salem were ruined by the sheriff's seizure of their farm products and household goods. The defense of these I. W. W. was thwarted by seizures of their defense resources by United States marshalls acting on search warrants since admitted to have been void. On Gallows Hill, Rev. Mr. Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people to possess them of the victim's guilt, thus anticipating by two and one-half centuries the function of the capitalist press. In Salem Village the issue was nominally one of disloyalty to God and man. In point of fact, it was largely economic. The fire burned closely along the lines of the parish stir and the boundary feud, both over matters of property rights. Nominally these I. W. W. were imprisoned on an issue of disloyalty—alleged conspiracy to hinder the United States Government in time of war. But German spies and dynamiters, caught red-handed, have been released long ago. Of 418 men convicted under the Espionage Act, only seventy-one I. W. W. members and five others now remain in jail. The inference is that they were convicted not on an issue of disloyalty to their country but of disloyalty to the ruling economic class. To keep them in prison after every other civilized country has released its political prisoners may be good class-warfare; it is bad justice.

It is 230 years since the witchcraft trials at Salem. Yet over them and over all responsible for them hangs, to this day, a cloud of shame and loathing. The people of Danvers and of this same church which is observing its 250th anniversary are still sensitive and reticent about the affair. The names of the magistrates, judges, governors, and ministers implicated have won an immortality of infamy. The names of such liberals as Brattle, Pike, Calef, and Willard who finally did open the tide-gates of public sanity against the persecutors would, be it confessed, shine somewhat more brightly had they acted with greater promptitude. For, as usual, the common instincts of humanity left the people with no stomach for the business long before the ruling class were ready to stop. Courts and clergy were willing to go on long after public opinion had cried Halt!

Give hatred a good conscience and Gallows Hill and Leavenworth are your harvest. The same crimes, against the same victims, by the same methods, for the same motives, with invocations of the same shibboleths, age after age. Change the labels; that is all. New scenery and costumes; the same old stage and tragedy. We did not compose the tragedy. We cannot avoid acting in it. But one thing we can do, and that is choose the part we act: knave, dupe, coward, good Samaritan, or hero. For the unjust detention of these I. W. W. in Leavenworth Penitentiary our cowering politicians, quailing before the American Legion, the Chambers of Commerce, their own shadows, or heaven knows what, are not to blame. They are instruments merely. The ones who are to blame are you and I: for our ignorance, our sloth, our indifference. Do we want the disgrace of this witchcraft persecution in Leavenworth Penitentiary wiped out? We have only to lift our voices above those of the persecutors. And I respectfully suggest that everyone who reads these paragraphs with an awakened conscience proceed to make life a burden for his Congressman, for the Attorney General, and the President.

For whether you believe in the existence of witchcraft, either of the 1692 or of the 1922 variety, is not the issue.

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In Salem, until everybody was safe from such persecution, nobody was safe; and it was not until this fact was generally realized that the persecution stopped. The same is true in this economic witchcraft persecution of today. The cause of these I. W. W. in Leavenworth is everybody's cause. Take our opponents' word for it. As Scott Nearing came out of the court room after acquittal at his own treason trial, a man whom he knew to be a government detective stepped up to him and said: "It may sound queer coming from me; but I realize that if it weren't for fellows like you, fellows like me would be wearing chains."

Treason—To Coal Operators

By JAMES M. CAIN

I

BY a jury of his peers, packed against him and bearing instructions virtually proclaiming his guilt; on the flimsiest sort of evidence and with not the ghost of a chance at a fair trial from start to finish, Walter Allen, union miner, has been solemnly adjudged to be a traitor to that section of coal operators' real estate known as the sovereign State of West Virginia. The *montani,* proudly declared by the State escutcheon to be *semper liberi,* have at last become *servi;* and he who doubts their thralldom or believes that they still enjoy the blessings of liberty for themselves or their posterity, has only to read the record of the proceedings at Charles Town, whereby this preposterous verdict was arrived at, to be divested of his credulity.

The selection of a jury was a farce. The offhand way in which a jury was obtained for the Blizzard trial amazed all who attended; the method of qualification for the Allen trial left them aghast. Jurors were asked if they cherished prejudices against labor unions or had a bias in the case. If they answered yes, they were asked if they could give a verdict in accordance with the evidence and the law as expounded by the court, and if they said they could, they were accepted. It was in vain that the defense remonstrated with Judge J. M. Woods, who presided. The court questioned the jurors himself, and prejudice or no prejudice he qualified them, regardless of the fact that the principle of unionism was to play a major part in the whole trial. The defense finally abandoned its challenging or even questioning of jurors, feeling that it was merely creating antagonism by the exercise of a privilege which in any ordinary court of law it should have been able to exercise without any restraint.

In instructing the jury, the court directed that if they believed that the defendant conspired with various union officials to levy war on the State of West Virginia; that if they believed the defendant was *present* with the armed assemblage (the march of 1921) in Logan County (where the indictment was found) with the purpose of nullifying martial law in Mingo County, overthrowing the military occupation of Mingo County, etc., then "the said Walter Allen is guilty of treason, and you should therefore render a verdict of guilty."

The glaring injustice of this instruction is apparent only when the constitutional stipulation in regard to treason is recalled. The West Virginia document uses the identical language employed by the Constitution of the United States, providing that "treason against the State shall consist only in levying war against it or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court."

The best the prosecution could muster as to overt acts of war was one doubtful witness to Allen's carrying a gun, another to his distributing ammunition. Allen admitted that he was present but said that he went up there to "see what was going on" and denied that he took any part in the fighting. In spite of this hiatus in the prosecution testimony, and with bland disregard of the meaning of the English language, the court contrived to construe the Constitution in such manner that mere presence of itself was an overt act. The result of this fantastic logic was only too plain in the verdict, since the jury, in answering the question as to what overt act it had accepted, set forth that Allen's presence was the act, and named four witnesses testifying to it. Had they named Allen himself as a fifth witness, they would have added a final fillip of absurdity to the whole grotesque performance.

II

So much foolishness has been circulated by both sides in connection with this armed march of miners in 1921 that it may be well to review briefly what took place.

In the early part of 1921 the United Mine Workers, having failed in 1919 to organize Logan County, started to organize in southern West Virginia by way of Mingo County. They were savagely repulsed by the operators. Union miners were evicted by the thousands, and had to be lodged in tent colonies—which are still in existence. Resentment rose to white heat, and shootings became the regular order. Armed mine guards shot miners and miners potshotted mine guards. Federal troops were called in twice, and finally, in May, 1921, Governor E. F. Morgan proclaimed martial law.

He sent, as commandant to the county, Major T. B. Davis, who solved all problems at a glance. "It's these agitators that make all the trouble," he announced, and forthwith banned all meetings and decreed that three or more union men gathered together would be considered a meeting. For violation of this edict, a hundred or so union men were flung into jail without trial, bail, or knowledge of the charges against them. The union mine fields to the north began to seethe with indignation. Then came the murder of Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers (Mingo County union sympathizers) at Welch, McDowell County, on August 1, by Buster Pence and C. E. Lively, Baldwin Felts detectives. A white hot meeting of union miners was held in Charleston at which the Governor was asked to redress the miners' grievances. He declined to take any action. The miners then assembled at Marmet, and on the night of August 24 began the march on Logan County. Two days later they were stopped at Madison, by C. Frank Keeney, president of District No. 17 of the United Mine Workers; but the next night a company of 150 Logan County deputies, reinforced by 100 State police, made a raid at midnight on the town of Sharples, and two miners were killed and three wounded. The miners reassembled on Blair Mountain, and a three-day battle was fought with a force of about 2,000 men in Logan County, which only stopped when Federal troops arrived. The miners then gave up their arms and went home.

The probability is that if union headquarters in Charleston did not actively foment the march, it was very much in sympathy with the marchers. But it is also true that the

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march took place as a demonstration against a long list of grievances rather than as an expedition for sack and pillage; the property damage was slight, the miners paying for much of the provisions they took. Had it not been for the Sharples raid, the whole "army" would probably have gone home and awaited developments.

III

All this was brought out in evidence at the trial, in tedious detail; and how Judge Woods could seriously sustain even the indictment of treason must remain one of the great mysteries of American jurisprudence. His viewpoint is all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that he is a man of intelligence and of the highest professional integrity. The thought of treason against their State—for nine-tenths of the miners on the march were native Americans—was as remote from the minds of those men as was the thought of exploring Africa. Judge Woods seemed obsessed with the idea that "war had been levied"; but in considering the crime charged, it was of paramount importance against whom it was levied. To consider Don Chafin and his illegally-paid Logan deputies identical with the State of West Virginia is simply to jest.

The prosecution gloated over the verdict, and the operators believe it will do more to discredit the United Mine Workers than anything that has happened in many a long moon; but the prediction is hereby made that the conviction of Walter Allen will become one of the greatest issues, political, moral, and industrial, that the State of West Virginia has ever known.

The Church's One Salvation

By J. D. BUSH

IN their attitude toward the church, thinking people nowadays fall into three classes; their feeling is one of ridicule, or pity, or indifference, and the worst of these is indifference. That this is a moderate statement of the facts is sufficiently proved by the utterances of ecclesiastics, as well as by observation. From every pulpit one hears denunciations of the spirit of irreligion, and fervent appeals for the support of the church. Of course such cries have been raised in all ages, but it is doubtful if they ever before met such universal hostility or apathy. A few generations ago the Lambeth Conference would have commanded widespread attention. As it was, people looked with smiles or with genuine sadness at its impotent gesticulations and wondered when religion would be given a chance to live, free from the fetters of medievalism. The same attitude is evidenced toward other Protestant churches; the mass of citizens pay no more heed to their pronouncements than to the buzzing of flies.

One wonders what will happen to the churches when members of the older generation, who now, though in decreasing numbers, attend and support them from habit, are no more, and their place is taken by the present younger generation for whom church-going is not one of the primordial instincts, and who, whether intelligently or not, have felt that the church has nothing vital to give them. Unable to hold or capture young people with the message of salvation, the churches are driven to adopt all sorts of extraneous methods; they organize boys' and girls' clubs, supervise dance-halls, instal billiard tables in the basement. All these things are good, but they are scarcely religion; they rather suggest putting cut flowers in the limousine when the batteries are dead.

The United States, in its naive way, has a "Go-to-church Week," but methods of artificial respiration are not enough to sustain life. What, one may ask in sober honesty, is there to take anyone to church? Why should we assemble once a week, not to seek God, but to congratulate ourselves on having found Him, and on thoroughly understanding the plans which He promulgated some centuries ago? People do feel the need of religion—witness the popularity of any new sect that seems to promise something for the hungry. Neither dead ritualism nor the blood of the Lamb means anything to the modern world. No deep need of the human soul is satisfied by repeating a creed of which one believes not a word, or by singing hymns about a blessed and certain immortality—a possibility at which the most devout might well shudder.

Eddying about in its sixteenth-century backwater the church sees the stream of humanity rushing by to an unknown ocean, and proclaims that it is rushing to destruction. Perhaps it is, but one is reminded of the fond and feeble mother who was watching the soldiers' parade: "They're all out of step but Jim." And yet the church might be, what it strangely thinks it is, a leader, and its religion might be religion, instead of being one of the less interesting branches of archaeology. Advances in religious thought have always been concessions, belated concessions, to hostile criticism, but the moral of the fact has never borne fruit. People still refuse to relax their grip on the mixture of Oriental and medieval folk-lore which has somehow come to constitute the essence of religion. There have been, and are, saintly characters to whom God and Jonah are inseparable; one falls with the other. But such persons are becoming fewer and in these days faith, solid faith, can come only with the abandonment of the idea of revelation and the whole supernatural framework erected by primitive zealots. Wilkes was no Wilkite, he said, and it is certain that Christ was no Christian. If Christ was God, he doesn't interest us so much; if he was one of a long line of men who, from the beginning to the present, earnestly, blunderingly, have sought for God, he is a figure of infinite inspiration, a figure worth believing in. The Christ of orthodox religion is a combination of an Oriental conjurer and the Prince Consort. While Christianity was perhaps never in such disfavor as it is today, there certainly never was a time when Christ, the man, commanded more universal reverence, particularly among enemies of His church.

The present generation does not read the Bible. From every point of view that is lamentable, but the reason is not far to seek. The church has insisted that it is God's word, that it came down from heaven—neatly printed and bound by the Oxford Press. Well, as a result, the circulation has fallen off. If preachers would only lose confidence in their knowledge of God, and proclaim with all their power that the Bible is not His word, but man's, the greatest of human documents, there would be no need to put a copy in every hotel room—for drummers to calculate their expense accounts in. To the present generation truth, from the mouth of God, is little more inspiring than a copy-book maxim—and very hard for Sunday School teachers to comprehend and expound. If I were God I should appreciate it if mankind would stop fastening its orthodoxies upon me.

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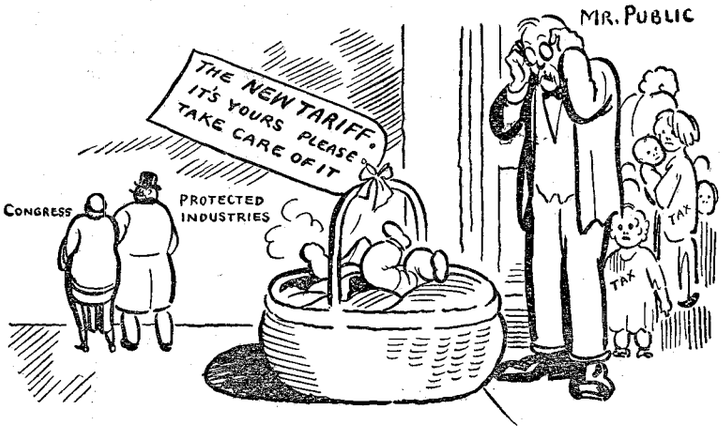
Looking On

by

Art Young



ANOTHER EXPENSE TO THE FAMILY

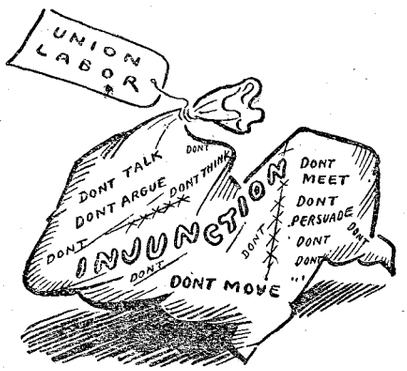
GERMAN ATROCITIES 1914 TO 1919
SKINNING PEOPLE ALIVE. STORIES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.
EATING BABIES. BY EYE WITNESSES
POISON, CRUCIFIXION
&c &c &c

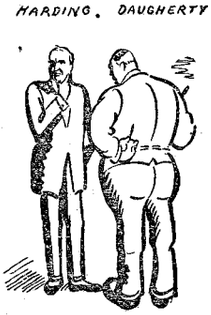
ATROCITIES NEEDED

Editor: "Keep this old file on atrocities alive. We need them for the Moslems."

SPEAKING HIS PIECE

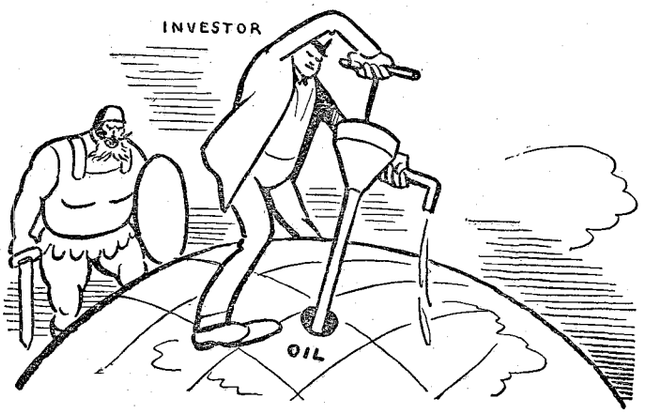
Mr. Clemenceau is coming to tell us that "France is not militaristic." (Applause)





THE "SEW-HIM-UP-TIGHT" POLICY

The President: "A good job, Harry; but some people seem to think you ought to take out a few stitches—so he can breathe."



CONCESSIONS IN THE FAR EAST

Where the oil is, look out for war

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a horrendous confession to make! He has been acting contrary to all his principles, not to mention all the principles of his colleagues; his life is no longer what it was; where he was wont to look any man in the eye he now keeps his glance on the ground and meditates on his sin. Nor is he avowing his misdeeds from any longing for the confessional. Not at all. He would never have told anyone in the world if the whole performance had not been so thoroughly enjoyable.

* * * * *

IT all happened because of Dan and Harry. These admirable gentlemen were hired by the Drifter's landlady to perform certain paintings and paperhangings in the Drifter's abode. The first intimation he had, however, that all was not as it should be was when the Drifter heard that Dan and Harry would probably begin work on Sunday. Still, as it turned out, they did nothing of the kind, so that everything started off in order on Monday morning at the usual time. The Drifter returned from a day of heavy drifting at five; Dan and Harry were still painting and showed no signs of stopping at the end of the regulation eight-hour day. Eager to have his painting over with, the Drifter asked no questions, but began a little job of carpentry which needed to be done. Dan watched him with what was plainly a disapproving eye. "Why don't you let me do that?" he finally asked. "What!" said the Drifter, "are you also a carpenter?" Dan admitted it gracefully and added that plumbing, too, was not beyond him. "Most any odd job about a house we can do. Harry and me are building a house now—we just do this job at off hours. Union? Naw, we don't belong to no union. We're our own boss; work twelve hours a day if we want; work at any old job we want. Why a union painter he can't be a carpenter, and a union carpenter he'd get fired if he took to painting. And we get more work than any four union men."

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter admits his guilt. He should have dismissed Dan and Harry on the spot and in their stead have hired two painters, one carpenter, one plumber, and a plumber's helper; every ounce of right feeling in him called for such a course. "Leave my house, sir," should have been his words, "and don't come back without a union card and a regulation size brush." But alas for right feeling; here were Dan and Harry, cheerful, accomplished, willing, and versatile. Who could have resisted them? Not the Drifter, with seven kinds of odd jobs to be done and no one but himself to do most of them. Not the Drifter, with nowhere to sleep but in a house that would smell of paint indefinitely on the eight-hour schedule. He fell! His union principles are at present stronger than ever; he believes that everyone should work eight hours a day, or preferably less; he would have every man conform to all the rules of his trade which make him the best possible workman under the best possible conditions. And yet: Dan and Harry—when there is actually work to be done, how comforting they are!

THE DRIFTER

Wisconsin: A Voice from the Middle Border, by Zona Gale, the next article in the series "These United States," will be printed in *The Nation* for October 18.

Correspondence

The "Withdrawal" from Santo Domingo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the night of July 14 the American Legation gave out to the periodicals of this city the general outlines of the program for evacuation agreed upon at Washington on June 30 between the heads of the old political parties and Attorney F. J. Peynado on the one hand, and the American Department of State on the other.

The protest against this document was general throughout the country. To calm public excitement those persons who were closest to the signatories counseled the public to suspend judgment until the approaching arrival of the so-called "representatives"; and the son of Attorney Peynado went so far as to say in an article that the terms given out from the Legation could not be the same as those of the agreement just made, because his father was incapable of putting his name to such an iniquity. The people were assured that as soon as the representatives came back they would publish the plan in its entirety.

The heads of the parties and Attorney Peynado arrived on July 17, but they excused themselves from publishing the plan, alleging that they had agreed with the Department of State not to do it. They gave assurances, nevertheless, that Admiral Robinson would publish it in the form of a proclamation upon his return. He came back five days later, on July 22, but did not issue the proclamation promised by the representatives. The latter then informed the people that the plan would be published by Mr. Sumner Welles, special envoy of President Harding, as soon as he reached the country. Mr. Welles arrived on July 30. But to date the Dominican people has not been permitted to learn the text of the plan signed on June 30, that is to say, over two months ago.

Meanwhile the heads of the political parties and Attorney Peynado have been touring the country engaged in propaganda for a plan the text of which is still unknown to the people. These representatives surround the plan with explanations aimed to attract the people; and exploiting the impatience for the end of the intervention and also the confidence which as heads of parties they inspire in their followers, they have proceeded to collect indorsements to give the impression that the people approve the plan. Mr. Welles tours the country in their company, or follows along some hours after these political leaders have made their capricious, twisting "interpretations."

It is evident that much money is being poured out in suborning periodicals and gathering mercenary proselytes. But it is equally evident that the majority of the people and nearly all of the periodicals remain nationalist. At this time the protests that have been circulated by Nationalist Committees are very numerous. The political leaders, as also Attorney Peynado, have been invited to publish and to discuss the plan. Both requests have been refused.

Due to my personal relations I have been able to read the plan. From its text and from the spirit which is naturally to be expected to prevail in its execution, I am certain that it aims to create a situation identical with that existing in Haiti. It is not an act of justice liberating the Dominican Republic from the opprobrium of foreign occupation, but rather the perpetuation of this occupation, validating the political fact of a subjugation and its effects.

The American Government, which for a whole year past has been declaring upon every propitious occasion its intention of "de-politicalizing" the country, now calls for the cooperation of the political leaders. Experience demonstrated that it was vain to seek the cooperation of the people in the work of their own subjection. Now another scheme is being tried: the cooperation of the political leaders in exchange for a promise of power sans glory and sans honor. The majority of the country, there

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is not the least doubt, will keep on being independent nationalist. Only the ideal of restoration, pure and simple, will satisfy them. But there will always be a minority, whom the American Government, as in Haiti and Nicaragua, will pass off before the American people as the genuine representatives of the Dominicans, who will be disposed to serve as the instruments of American imperialism. It is to be hoped, however, that before all this happens it will be foreseen and denounced by you noble Americans who care for the honorable traditions of justice and liberty which made your land so illustrious in the past..

For us, as I have told you, the new plan is not a victory. It is just a new surprise-attack to which professional politicians, discredited by the history of their own misguided pasts, have lent themselves, and with them the attorney for the Romana and the Barahona sugar mills, Attorney F. J. Peynado. Those men neither represent the Dominican people nor defend it. The first serve their own political interests; the second serves the interests of the foreign corporations of which he is the attorney. Those corporations, in accordance with whose interests the Dominican Republic is governed in its state of subjugation, are trying at all costs to preserve the illicit benefits which they have received at the expense of the Dominican people under the American Occupation. Attorney Peynado who is their attorney is not defending the interests of his country but those of his powerful clients. He has not been for a moment out of accord with the Military Government, but rather collaborating with the Military Government. What he now would offer us as his work of liberation is nothing else at bottom than the legitimization and the perpetuation of the vassalage which the Dominican people will never cease to abominate.

Santo Domingo, August 28 ENRIQUE AP. HENRIQUEZ

Anti-Semitism at Barnard

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following case may be of interest to you in your investigation of the exclusion of Jews from American universities. In June, 1918, together with two other Jewish classmates, I applied for admission into Barnard College. I offered a record of uniformly high scholarship—I was fourteenth on the list of winners of State scholarships, with an average above 92 per cent—excellent references from my high school, and a certificate of perfect health.

In July I received a letter notifying me that I had been rejected. When I went up to the college for a personal interview, I was assured that my rejection had not been due either to scholarship, character, or health. What then could have been the cause but my race, my religion? The references I had given had not even been referred to. And of the other two students only one had been admitted—because a nationally prominent social worker had interceded for her.

I took the matter up with the high-school authorities. The head of the scholarship department held a conference with the Dean, but learned nothing more definite. Various excuses were given, among them, that Barnard preferred students who took the college entrance examinations, though I had neither seen such a statement in the bulletin of information, nor had been so informed when I made my application; that, furthermore, the standard of that high school was not high enough, though non-Jewish applicants had been admitted from the school with records appreciably lower, as was well known; that, finally, the capacity of the college had been filled before my application was considered, though students had been admitted even as late as a week after the opening of the semester.

So far as the high school was concerned the matter was then dropped, with a warning to the students not to depend upon entering Barnard. From reliable sources, however, I later learned that the question of anti-Semitism in Barnard had been brought up at the time before the Student Council; and that as a result of information then obtained several prominent Jewish women who had in previous years assisted Barnard financially now refused a contribution.

This was my first encounter with anti-Semitism in an American institution of learning, and it has left rankling a bitter antagonism. As certain graduates of Barnard who today hold responsible positions admitted to me, my case, as well as that of my fellow-student, was obviously one of opposition to our Jewish origin.

I made two more attempts to enter Barnard, once after my freshman year at Hunter College, and again in my sophomore year at New York University. Nothing availed, however. After all, what intrinsic worth had I to offer Barnard? I was an intelligent student of high attainments, true enough, but I was only a Jew, I lived on the East Side, and I had no high social connections.

I might add here that I graduated from Washington Square College, New York University, in February, 1922, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, *cum laude*.

I wish to express my appreciation of *The Nation's* disclosures. It is time we heard in detail of the anti-Semitism practiced in American universities. I do not regard myself as being one of a sect, but our so-called higher institutions of learning are adopting splendid methods for creating racial and religious sectarianism.

London, England, July 12 REBECCA GRECHT

Cooperators and Coal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on my article, "Coal for Consumers," in *The Nation* for September 13, you state that "consumers' control would be indefinitely postponed or embarrassed by three conditions." All of the three conditions which you mention are quite real. I could give you a score more difficulties. But the difficulties themselves should not prevent us from attempting to overcome them. Surely the sudden turning over of the ownership and distribution of coal to the present government, with a hypothetical control by the miners, is not a satisfactory solution. Coal, the control of coal, and the ownership of coal are so far removed from the hands of the people under private and government ownership that disorder is bound to result. My thesis is that the coal problem will not be solved until consumers' control is established; and that there is no such thing as permanent control without ownership.

Permit me to comment briefly on each of the obstacles which you see in the road of consumers' control.

1. "It could not be effective without consumers' control of the railroads which are now under government regulation and sooner or later will be under some form of government ownership and, we hope, democratic control." It seems to me that if the consumers should own a few coal mines they would be in the same position as the private owners of other mines, and the railroads would ship their coal under similar conditions. And as this consumer ownership gradually increased, these consumers would be in the position of the large corporations which today own vast quantities of coal. By the time the consumers' ownership becomes large, some better organization of the railroads in the interest of service rather than of profit must inevitably have come to pass—whether cooperative or by government ownership. We must bear in mind that consumers' ownership comes gradually. It introduces no new method in violation of the existing private ownership. As that change comes about, the change in railroad ownership would also come about.

2. "Consumers' cooperation has no well-developed plan for enlisting the self-governing desires of workers and experts." Permit me to say that it not only has a plan but the plan has long been in operation. Methods of harmonizing employers and employees and giving the latter a voice in the industry have been brought to a high state of development in consumers' cooperative industries. The joint industrial board, the works committee,

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and the central wage board are well established. Consumers' societies the world over are the only employers that universally insist that their employees shall be organized. The most perfected organization of cooperative employees is that found in Germany, where the workers in cooperative industries are highly conscious of enjoying superior advantages to those in private employ or under the government. But the most important control resides in the fact that most of the consumers are workers, and in the consumers' cooperative organizations the employees add to their voice as employees their voice as consumers.

3. "It (cooperation) is a delicate plant in America; it has no such record of success as to warrant the expectation that in any reasonable time it could compete with such powerful groups as the owners of the mines, and the miners' union, or establish the popular confidence that would lead the people to trust it in preference to government ownership and democratic management." It is, indeed, a delicate plant here; so is every plant that is struggling toward the light of freedom and democracy. The expectation that it may be able to compete with powerful exploiting interests rests upon the fact that it has successfully done it in Europe, when all of the political economists, the wealthy, and the learned declared that it could not be done.

The history of this movement is characterized by the following steps: (1) The breakdown of the profit business method; (2) timorous and tentative attempts on the part of the consumers to do the things for themselves; (3) assertions of impracticability on the part of academic critics; (4) scorn, followed by resentment and hostility of profit business; (5) success and a movement which is growing fifteen times faster than the population is increasing. As to competition and the hostility of big business, the cooperative organization of the consumers has always ultimately been aided by it rather than injured. It was the hostility of the big wholesalers and millers that drove the cooperators into becoming the biggest manufacturers of flour in England. Hostility of the cement trust to the cooperative consumers' building societies resulted in the Danish cooperators capturing the cement business. As to competition with the miners' union, there would be none. A universal principle of consumers' cooperation is control by the consumers and administration by experts and workers.

Has the time not come in this country when the people, like our self-reliant pioneer ancestors, should do things for themselves without looking to profit-making business or to the political government? After all, is not man as consumer and neighbor more just and more capable than he is as citizen and voter in the political state?

Woods Hole, September 9 J. P. WARBASSE

A Jewish-Arab Zion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Carhart, in *The Nation* for August 30, asks: "How about the 90 per cent whose folks have lived in Palestine only three or four times as long as white folks have lived in America? Where is their homeland?" The obvious and correct answer is that their homeland is in Palestine. His figures err. Much more than 10 per cent of the present "folks" of Palestine have immigrated in recent centuries; but the idea of "homeland" has no relation to length of residence. It rests upon will, tradition, and attachment. Palestine shall be the autonomous homeland of 100 per cent of its inhabitants, of whatever race, creed, or tradition, if the Zionist ideal is realized. That a land with 70,000 inhabitants, but which can support several millions, shall become the homeland of those Jews who migrate thither, and shall remain the ideal center of the Jewish people, does not prevent its being the homeland of all its inhabitants. The Zionist Organization, as it has repeatedly stated, desires a self-governing democracy in which Jew and Arab shall cooperate.

New York, August 28 JESSIE E. SAMPTER

Books

Religion and the Church

New Churches for Old. By John Haynes Holmes. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

THIS book is an argument why one type of church should replace another. It is also, as the subtitle indicates, a plea for community religion. Between these two objectives the writing moves back and forth, assuming that they are one and the same thing. Whether they are or not is the meat of the matter.

The discussion concerning churches tends too much toward malediction on the one hand and magic on the other. The Protestant churches are said to be dead or dying of the disease of denominationalism. They appear more and more in the guise of a great conspiracy against the nation. They are deliberately setting themselves in opposition to the basic democratic interests of our American life. They are each and every one of them to be described as anti-social. The community should outlaw them as it has outlawed slavery and liquor. The community church will, of course, be free from the evils of the Protestant churches because it is the church of democracy.

The case of the churches is in all conscience serious enough, but they cannot be both dead or dying and a dangerous conspiracy against the common weal. As a matter of fact they are neither. Mr. Holmes's diagnosis is hasty and his indictment is not supported by his evidence. For instance, several leading theological seminaries this year, instead of suffering from a decline in the number of students, had a record attendance. One who travels runs into churches composed of large and vigorous groups performing vital community functions, so that sociologists not eaten up by zeal for any special form of religion classify them as genuine social forces. In actual contacts one finds in school and state no more of that fellowship of free spirits they are said to embody as institutions of democracy than one finds in the churches. Moreover, the centralized administration which to Mr. Holmes is alien control of the local community, and which is properly causing revolt, often functions in furtherance of those tendencies which he correctly charts as making for the religion of democracy; while the reactionary forces, just now supporting Mr. Bryan's monkey business, are often what Mr. Holmes calls native to the community. The fact is that our church situation, like our condition in school and state, as Mr. Holmes sees when he confronts the difficulties in the way of his community church, reflects the low state of the common life.

The history of Protestantism in this country in the last generation is the record of the struggle between the evils of denominationalism that Mr. Holmes portrays and the vital forces that make for a religion of democracy. Either those vital forces will control denominationalism and end it as an anti-social force or they will break out. The tendency is clear enough, but whether or not it will take the form of community churches remains to be seen. Unity and diversity are not absolutely incompatible.

The community church is here presented under a double definition. It is the community functioning spiritually. It is the community at worship. But these are two different things. One is an ideal concept, the other an objective fact. One is the universal, the other the particular. To slip back and forth between them without discrimination is to fall insensibly into the confusion of an ancient fallacy. So we learn that community religion will make community churches and that community churches will make community religion. We are told that the community church is the community, and then—when we have built a world-wide community—it will become the church; and finally the true church is the community at worship. The community at its moments of highest life will be a church. But this road runs further. The remarriage of church and state that Mr. Holmes desires is not achieved by saying that the state is the community functioning politically and the church is the

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community functioning spiritually. They are still separate. If the community is the church, then its work and its play, its home-making and its governing are also aspects of its religion. In that event, what becomes of the church as the community at worship?

Is Mr. Holmes, then, after all, a churchman? He twits the denominationalists because they will no longer die for their church. Why should they? For religion, for a friend, for the community, yes. But for any kind of a church? Has the institution and the struggle to develop a particular type got in the way of the vision of community religion? Is it only another reformation that Mr. Holmes wants? The reason that the Protestant Reformation went wrong finally was that it was more a change in form than in life. If the emphasis be now put on churches, the same thing will happen again. Jesus did not bother about churches; he had a bigger job. He proclaimed a new way of life, knowing that it would make its own forms.

There are noble words in this book about the nature of the progress of religion, words to kindle the souls of men. Supplemented by the kind of analysis Mr. Ellwood has given in his "Reconstruction of Religion," they point the way for the spirit of man to achieve his destiny. Without this analysis they will fail of their goal. We are only mystified by being told that democracy is not here but is coming, and then that it constitutes the transcendent reality of modern times—is life as we know it today. If democracy is a religion, we must know just how it functions in that regard. To tell us that the community is democracy made manifest; that democracy is fellowship, is nothing other than the spirit of Jesus at work in our time, is God revealed in the comradeship of human hearts—to tell us this merely incites the question: how? What the plea for community religion needs is analysis of the nature of the community, and of the functioning of democracy. Then it can challenge people definitely to a new way of life and the matter of churches will take care of itself.

HARRY F. WARD

A Via Media for Americans

Definitions. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Literature and Life. By E. B. Osborn. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

"DEFINITIONS" is important particularly because it may be taken as expressing the point of view of one of the most influential organs of American literary opinion. Under Mr. Canby's editorship the *Literary Review* has had a certain impartiality as its most characteristic feature. Many upholders of traditional opinions have spoken through its columns, but it has equally often shown greater sympathy with radical movements in literature than one would have anticipated from so conservative a newspaper as the *Post*. As from this one might expect, Mr. Canby's own book reveals a persistent search for a logical *via media*. It is the particular merit of his criticism that he has found such a middle way and found it without any ignoble sitting on the fence: he has achieved a consistent point of view in always regarding literature as a social phenomenon. His ideal is a growing body of letters as free and experimental as it may be without losing touch with the national spirit; and so, though he parts with the traditionalists when they insist that the spirit of American literature must continue always to be what it has been, yet he parts just as readily with the radicals when they would move so rapidly and so eccentrically that they forget the duty of the creators of a natural literature to remain at least within hailing distance of their fellows. Believers in absolute excellence in literature, be they classicists on the one hand or expressionists on the other, will not take Mr. Canby's point of view, but they will be compelled to respect the clarity and consistency with which he states it.

In his constant effort to integrate literature and the national spirit Mr. Canby rarely, save in a few of the essays toward the end of the book, discusses literature *in vacuo* but always in relation to some large body of normal and fairly typical readers, sometimes as in The Young Romantics or in Thanks to the Artists explaining the writer to a skeptical generation, and sometimes as in Sentimental America explaining the public to the contemptuous author. Abstract aesthetic questions have little validity for him, for he sees the prosperity of a literature in the ears of its public, and so he is always seeking a common ground and discussing literary values in relation to time and place. We must take the national spirit as we find it, he insists, and not only must we graft on rather than uproot but we must make even legitimate change slowly, for, as he says in speaking, for instance, of the sturdy realist as the curer of sentimentality: "He can be honest; but if he is much more honest than his readers they will not read him." And this is essentially sound, for literature expresses life even more than it molds it, and to cure sentimentality we must have not only better books but a better life as well. Throughout Mr. Canby assumes that a democratic literature is an essential part of the general democratic experiment which we are making and that though, of course, there is an aristocratic conception of literature, we have no right to traffic with it as long as we are otherwise committed to this experiment.

Only once does Mr. Canby seem, from the reviewer's standpoint, too lenient with the spirit which he is describing, and that is in an extremely interesting essay in which he traces American sentimentality to American idealism. "The disease," he says, "is easily acquired. Mr. Smith, a broker, finds himself in an environment of 'schemes' and 'deals' in which the quality of mercy is strained, and the wind is decidedly not tempered to the shorn lamb. After all, business is business. He shrugs his shoulders and takes his part. But his unexpended fund of native idealism . . . seeks due satisfaction. He cannot use it in business so he takes it out in a novel or a play." Searchingly and absolutely true this is, but it implies no valid defense. So good an American as William James warned us against the danger of noble emotions which find no outlet in action. What, one may ask, is hypocrisy if it is not simply idealism which makes no attempt to control conduct. But this is minute and carping criticism. "Definitions" is well named because it definitely clarifies a number of important issues and it is certainly one of the best expressions that have been given of the conception of literature as a function of society. Moreover it is no small additional advantage that Mr. Canby writes with exceeding ease. He has the simple flowing style of the best light essayist with, fortunately, many times more to say. He is surely one of the least pontifical of serious American critics.

When one turns from this eager and stimulating book to "Life and Literature" one is reminded that a certain vitality is more common in contemporary American than in contemporary British criticism. It is true that E. B. Osborn's book is an unusually light-weight production, being, indeed, merely a collection of agreeable essays on nothing in particular and adorned with occasional literary references; but to Americans, at least, too much of the British journalistic criticism which reaches us in book-form seems lacking in importance. Polished and learned it often is, but the very fact that the English critic can depend upon a greater common ground of literary knowledge and appreciation between him and his readers than his American brother can be sure of seems to militate against him and to encourage a dilettantish toying with accepted values. Probably the great majority of reading Americans do not come from "literary homes" and an interest in literature is with them even not a generation old. But this very fact puts the critic upon his metal and makes him get down to fundamentals. It is not wholly a misfortune that literature has not lost for us the zest of a new discovery.

J. W. KRUTCH

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Notes on Charles Warren Stoddard

TODAY amid the general appreciation of Hawaiian life, its music and dancing, its arts and ease and abandon, it seems strange to find so many ignorant of the works and career of Charles Warren Stoddard, the author of one of the finest books of native American literature, "South Sea Idyls." As a boy, reading his articles scattered through the magazines, I had come to picture him in my mind's eye as a wondrously beautiful person who wandered, more or less without clothing, through shadowy glades with splendid savages; who plunged gaily into tropical waterfalls or rode through the surf at a moment's notice off the South Sea Islands. My delight, then, at hearing that he was to visit a near neighbor, the venerable Mrs. Crabtree, mother of the famous comedienne Lotta, can be faintly imagined, especially when the old lady whispered to me: "We have the greatest admiration for Professor Stoddard, as he is the only one of our old friends who has not made love or proposed to Miss Lotta."

He came, a stout man, somewhat past middle-age; handsome in a weary, *passé* way; short of wind and inactive on the North Jersey hills. He sighed and lounged about for a few days and then took sudden flight in midsummer for his Washington bungalow. Later we managed to hunt him down and with some difficulty found him in one of those red-brick, bay-window, parlor-and-basement monstrosities of the Capital, with a cast-iron stoop, where the leaves gathered in summer and winter. It stood on the corner of a small park in the center of which stood a fountain. Stoddard used to tell of the romances and tragedies that echoed up to his window at night from out the little square below. He was accustomed to sleep in an easy chair near the window, catching a nap when it was granted him, after a liberal dose of sleeping powders.

The bungalow was but scantily furnished; the front parlor contained some interesting Indian chairs and some curio cases filled with South Sea relics. There were photographs and keepsakes of many celebrities, notable among them the personal possessions of Father Damien of Molokai, in whom Stoddard had interested his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, influencing him to write his famous letter to Dr. Hyde. The crucifix held in the dying hands of Damien was in the case near the window, and there were paintings of Stoddard by his old friend, Joe Strong, and other artists, representing the poet in the garb of a monk, a favorite pose of his; while Mexican and Italian crucifixes were mixed up in a rather incongruous way with Fiji totems and improper mumbojumbos.

In September, 1903, he wrote from Tuckernuck: "I have been practicing solitary confinement, and find it good. The only trouble with me is that when I return into the world I wonder how any one dares speak in my presence until he is spoken to. You wonder if I ever toyed with Stevenson's King Tem? No; I think he is not on my list. Wouldst listen to my list?

List, list, oh, list! Royalty I have Reveled With: (1) Queen Kalama, Dowager Queen of Kamehama III; (2) Queen Emma, Dowager Queen of Kamehama IV; (3) King Kamehama V; (4) King Lunalilo I, Unmarried; (5) King Kalakaua, Without heirs; (6) Queen Kapiolani, Dowager Queen of Kalakaua I; (7) Princess Likiliki, sister of Kalakaua I; (8) Princess Kaiulani, daughter of Likiliki; (9) Queen Liliuokalani, sister of Kalakaua I; (10) Prince Cupid; (11) Queen Pomari of Tahiti (See W. S. Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"); (12) Prince Tati of Tahiti; (13) Princess Moitea, sister of Tati; (14) The present Queen of Tahiti, Queen of King Pomari, the son of King Pomari.

Speaking of these Tahitian royalties brings back a story told me by Stoddard. He was once stranded in Tahiti without a place to lay his head except in the sheds of the market place. Looking out of his nook he espied Rarahu, the heroine of Loti's early romance, a now abandoned creature, hunting a sleeping place in the moonlight of the square.

In a letter of October 18, 1907, I find this charming passage: "How do I compose? I don't compose; I decompose and let the elements mix with me, sweep through me, carry me along with them—I know not whither. I have faith and trust and do not worry myself about what I write. I let go and follow my pen—feeling sure that all will come out right in the end. But I must not be asked to do anything then, or to try to write to order, for then writing becomes a task; I grow self-conscious, have pen-fright which is as bad as stage-fright—or would be if I had a thousand critical eyes watching me. They seem to be watching me—those eyes of the critics—and they paralyze me. My writing always writes itself and I never rewrite—save to clip off superfluities and suppress repetitions. In the *National Magazine* of Boston, for twenty-eight months, my copy was printed from the original first draft."

In one of his last letters, written on June 27, 1907, he declared: "The big quake of last year broke my heart or my spirit or both, perhaps, and I haven't been quite the same since. Perhaps I never shall be again. I think of it and dream of it and dread it more now than I did just after it happened. I have resolved to return East—perhaps in the fall—and try to nest in one of those weedy, old-fashioned seaports on the North Shore within easy reach of Boston, the Beautiful, the Beloved. There I can recruit at intervals when the world weighs upon me." But it was in the midst of his disillusion that his death came in that Monterey which had been romance for his early days. His last letter, dated December 2, 1908, a few months before his death, told us: "I am housed on a hill-slope above the town, in the wee-est house of four rooms. My comrades are a Merry Widow, her pretty daughter (stenographer), and a dog and a cat. I suppose these are the ingredients for a home, but the home-feeling has not sprouted yet."

THOMAS WALSH

Tottering Towers

Babel. By John Cournos. Boni and Liveright. $2.

"BABEL" is another "Heartbreak House." It was no earthquake that made the towers of our modern house of civilization to fall; it was inner confusion, over-saturation; it was a social pattern and prison that had lost its kinship with the soul and needs of man. Gombarov is at once the protagonist of Mr. Cournos's book and himself reflects: "Civilization is Babel, and every civilized man today is a Babel in himself, since he bears all this world in his soul. I am Babel, a full-thoughted, tottering, modern man, and only the tiger in my soul now and then peeps out of his cage and gazes with pity or hatred at the civilized but godless world that has so caught and caged him." That is notably well said. There is this to be added: the tower has fallen; Babel is in the dust. But nothing of the moods of men or of social pattern and pressure has changed in the civilization of the West. We are still the same old Babels, and the tiger, a little more sullen but almost more powerless, still paces his intolerable cage. But the truth of this consideration serves only to heighten the poignancy of Mr. Cournos's book. It is not an epilogue to this play in which we are all engaged; it is only the second act.

Although Mr. Cournos is an American he chose London as the dwelling-place of Gombarov in the years preceding the war. In London the voices of protest and rebellion and woe were audible; in New York they were hushed. There is no Hyde Park in either the cities or the minds of America. In London, too, were and are the great men—prophets or hawkers of panaceas—who were present at the fall of Babel and who are still declaring how and why it fell. Thus Gombarov, seeking wisdom and bread at once, interviewed or heard Shaw and Wells and Chesterton and in drawing-rooms and taverns met such representative figures of the cult of withdrawal from life as the Aldingtons and Ezra Pound. The portraits of these various personages Mr. Cournos has executed with a ripe and just art. They are vivid and memorable, and the ironic intention does not blur their linea-

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ments. But Gombarov is more important. He is a Jew, born in an Ukrainian village; he grew up in Philadelphia and became an American journalist. He worked and saved in order to go to the cities of his dreams, to London and to Paris. In his mind gathered the culture and the memories and the speech of the many worlds that make up the modern world. And this saturation with the problems of our civilization crippled his normal will. "To have many thoughts is to divide one's strength." He cannot achieve single-mindedness enough to act at all. Hence to him, as to millions, the war, in which he had no romantic or flamboyant faith, came as a release of the will, as an ultimate chance of exercising that will through a larger one.

Such is the excellent intellectual ground-work of "Babel." But Mr. Cournos's accomplishment and promise as a novelist lie rather in the more human and creative portions of his work. Of the utmost subtlety and truth is the strange story of Winnifred Gwynne and Gombarov. He centered all the will left him in love. And in love Winnifred could not center hers. His inner faithfulness does not, of course, prevent him from meeting other women, and in the glimpses of these other women Mr. Cournos shows a genuine creative energy. There is, especially, the truly magnificent episode of Judith, her mother, and her sisters, and the scene with Judith before the fire which leaves in the memory a Rembrandtesque somberness and glow. Mr. Cournos has both style and creative vision. "Babel" is an immense advance on his previous books; it has uncommon distinction, charm, and force. L. L.

Music

The American Conservatory at Fontainebleau

MUSIC has, of late years, been coming to us so frequently and so questionably in ambassadorial guise that any new attempt to give it diplomatic significance is apt to be regarded with suspicion. This is why, no doubt, we have been so indifferent to the struggles of such an important art movement as the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau. For not only is it one of the few material evidences of those numerous professions of international friendship which drugged the air so sweetly before the Armistice but it also points a definite and practical way toward musical reciprocity between America and other countries. Founded in 1921 by Francis Casadesus and Maurice Fragnaud, its initial conception sprang from the School of Music for American bandmasters at Chaumont of which Casadesus was musical director and which had been established by Dr. Walter Damrosch at the request of General Pershing. Through Casadesus the interest of the most prominent musicians of France was aroused. Through Fragnaud, Sous-Prefet of Fontainebleau, government aid was enlisted, with the result that the Louis XV wing of the Palace was given over for the use of the school and made habitable for pedagogic and dormitory purposes, while the institution itself was placed under the immediate protection of the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts.

On this side of the water equally heroic efforts were made toward its establishment by Mrs. George M. Tuttle, who, as president of the American organization, succeeded in giving the work unique national scope by appealing to the governors of all the States for cooperation. Forty-four executives responded, and within two months eighty-five pupils, representing thirty-three States, were recruited, with an increase in number the following year. Each of these pupils, to be admitted, had to present two letters of endorsement: one as to character from the governor of the State or from some well known person in the community, and one as to musicianship from some member of the organization's Musical Advisory Board—this being chosen from among prominent musicians and heads of university music departments all over the country. As the musical requirements are high, amounting practically to post-graduate work, and as the courses are limited to the three summer months, only trained musicians are eligible. Thus the Fontainebleau School is in no sense a rival of our native conservatories but rather serves to emphasize abroad the fact that we have such institutions and that they are capable of giving the training demanded by foreign standards. Moreover, it lies within the reach of many, for board, lodging, and tuition amount to only 1,200 francs a month, and as the French Line makes a reduction of 30 per cent both going and coming, the entire summer's outlay per person can be kept between $550 and $600. Of course, such a nominal charge is not sufficient to meet the running expenses of the school, and additional funds have had to be raised through a general committee of patrons, which is open to all who are willing to contribute $100 a year.

The School, however, can not be considered an act of charity on the part of America. The debit, if any, is on our side. The French Government has laid out generous sums for sanitation and other practical purposes. It has given the use of one of its finest palaces. It has offered an environment richly colored by the pageantry of centuries, for there is not a corner of the gray old chateau that does not bear some impress of the passions and extravagances of France's most magnificent kings. In addition, Paris is but an hour away by train, while within easy bicycling distance are the lovely little villages of Barbizon and Montigny and Moret, still vivifying the memories of that handful of artists who discovered and immortalized their charm. Another advantage of government interest is that the classes are conducted by some of the most illustrious members of the Paris Conservatoire, including Charles-Marie Widor, Isidor Philipp, Paul Vidal, Camille Decreus, and Nadia Boulanger. And as more than half of the Fontainebleau students are teachers who have been more or less drained dry of inspiration during the winter, they should find these classes doubly stimulating; for the French have the gift of teaching, vitalizing their work with those brilliant analyses and with that clear sense of style of which they are such masters.

But aside from the exciting experiences of new and illuminating musical excursions, and of a new environment haunting in its physical beauty and in the ageless grace of its culture, the Fontainebleau School offers adventures in aesthetic appreciation by providing two or three concerts a week, in which the foremost French musicians take part. For instance, an afternoon devoted to the compositions of Messager and another to those of Ravel were presided over by the composers themselves, and it was interesting to note how their personalities fitted their work. The suave elegance and over-careful grooming of the older man suggested the exquisite surfaces of an age which divided its allegiance between the divine frivolity of Offenbach and the sugary sentimentality of Massenet; while the youthful vigor and sensitive, glowing face of Ravel radiated the virility and charm of that musical expression which he has made epochal and which has substituted tenderness for langorous sighs, satire and irony for farce. One found these same qualities in his conducting, when he directed, at the close of the concert, his Introduction and Allegro for harp solo, string quartet, flute, and clarinet. In enjoyment, this number proved to be the climax of the program, thanks to the delightful artistry of Mme. Djina Ostrowska, whose playing revealed a variety of tonal beauty and poetic utterance that made a profound impression upon both composer and audience. That Mme. Ostrowska, who is first harpist of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and one of the finest exponents of her instrument, thought it worth her while to attend the Fontainebleau School is significant of what the school has to offer the professional musician in training. But that an American student at this Conservatory can be brought into direct musical and personal contact with one of the greatest creative minds in the musical world is even more significant of the professional and musical opportunities afforded by this institution. Such artistic reciprocity is all the more to be valued in that it has been accomplished without the strain of political propaganda. HENRIETTA STRAUS

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International Relations Section

Germany's Political Murderers

By S. C.

A DETAILED description of the technique employed for the assault on Maximilian Harden is illuminating reading matter. Maximilian Harden, as is well known, was not a Government official like Walther Rathenau nor a member of the diet like Erzberger, nor was he a Spartacide, like Liebknecht. He was just a political free-lance with a following among middle-class Germans. Why, then, did Maximilian Harden's name figure on the murder list of the German reactionaries? In writing about the murder of Walther Rathenau Harden calls it an error of judgment by the murder organization, for Rathenau, he declares, was a half-hearted democrat at best and would at any time have given his support to the junkers had they only looked at him with favorable eyes. Harden came to believe shortly before his own turn came that the fact of their both being born Jews was enough to put Rathenau and himself on the black list. Germany has never had pogroms, but her reactionary party is attempting to accomplish in detail and with shrewd deliberation what the Russians, from a dull feeling of race hatred, did in an inefficient, wholesale manner. Undesirable personalities may readily be done away with at a time when murderers can be hired for 60,000 marks, which, at the present rate of exchange, is about $50. Maximilian Harden's account of his own attempted murder appeared in the *Zukunft* as follows:

On the ninth day after the murder of Rathenau I wrote to an American that after this error of judgment by the gang of murderers I would be the next victim of their cowardly brutality. I had just mailed the letter and was on my way home. It was a clear summer evening shortly before half-past eight. In my right hand I carried my hat, in my left the last edition of the *Temps* in which I was reading an editorial. In the quiet Dachsbergstrasse near my home I hear a soft, hasty step. I pay no attention to it. From behind a heavy iron bar hits my skull. I see blood on hat and newspaper. I sink to the ground, try to get up in self-defense, and turning my head sharply I see through a red mist a darkly clad, hardly medium-sized individual holding in his hand an object like a dumb-bell. By a stroke on the pulse of my right arm the man prevents me from hitting back. He then steps quickly with both feet on my left arm and silently goes on hammering my head.

I never imagined how swiftly the brain works in such moments. First thought: The murderous assault heralded in uncounted threatening letters has now come to pass. Since the infamous attacks of lies and calumnies by a newspaper mob at whose heels crawl government officials and public prosecutors and who favored this assault, the thing was to be expected. Here between two lovely gardens I shall die, not much slower, it is to be hoped, than Walther Rathenau, my old acquaintance with whom fate seems to have associated me once more.

But he was shot. Why does that scoundrel not shoot me? He is afraid of the noise, which in the other case led to the detection of the murderers' traces. The cowardly rascal intends to break my skull noiselessly. Therefore I have to supply the noise which he dreads. Thought follows thought with lightning speed. While the iron comes down on my head I howl in the loudest possible voice: "Murderer, scoundrel, villain!" After the eighth blow the knave runs away at top speed and turns the corner of the Jaegerstrasse. Nobody has come. Already a stream of blood, the like of which I never saw, curdles on my garments and shoes and glues them to my body. An inner voice tells me: "If you stay here you will bleed to death." I try to get up, keep on calling "murderer" though not as loud as before, and manage to drag myself, drenched in blood as I am, into my garden. Now my calls bring relief. Friendly people appear. The inhabitants of a neighboring villa, personally unknown to me, help my own people to care for me. They send a hurry call to an expert nurse of their acquaintance who swiftly shaves my head and puts on provisional bandages. They offer their car, ready at the garden door, to bring the surgeon, Professor Borchardt. As luck has it this clever surgeon, whose master hand in peace and war has snatched from death whole human armies, can be reached by the telephone. He comes, after a day's work of fourteen hours, accompanied by his assistant. He examines my injuries in the narrow space of my writing room, finishes the shaving of the head and changes the bandages. Eight wounds in the head, a big bruise near the left eye, a deep laceration of the skin, the bursting of a small blood vessel. Many more contusions on arms and legs. No immediate danger of death, but quick transfer to a clinic is urgent. The ambulance brings me there at eleven o'clock. They operate on me. That on this day, the fifteenth after the attack on me, I am able to scribble a few lines I owe entirely to the wisdom and vigilance of that master surgeon, Moritz Borchardt.

The newspapers—to have incurred their hatred is a relief to me—naturally tried to minimize the incident and no detailed report of the murderous assault was printed. They published simply the following official account.

"The Political Parliamentarian News makes known some facts concerning the attempt to murder Maximilian Harden which throw a glaring light on the proceedings of the German (*Deutsch-völkische*) murder organization. After the arrest of one of the culprits, the agricultural employee H. Weichardt of Oldenburg, and the identification of the second, the former lieutenant M. Ankermann of Oldenburg, who is still a fugitive from the law, there were found in the lodgings of the two men pieces of a torn telegram which when put together and deciphered revealed A. W. Grenz of Oldenburg as the instigator of the plot. Grenz and his wife were arrested. After denying the charges against him, Grenz, being shown the telegram, admitted his participation in the murder plot. Grenz propagates anti-Semitic literature and is chairman of the *Deutsch-völkische* organization in East Frisia. He is also president of the German *Treubund*. In his house were found a number of photographs of male and female members of the *Deutsch-völkische* party who 'had declared themselves ready to act,' besides a list of the Jews living in East Frisia. Grenz is declared to have received a typewritten letter from Munich in the beginning of March, advising him to find two energetic young men 'ready to do everything for the Fatherland. They will be safeguarded. Answer by return mail to A.N.G. 500, Main Post Office, Munich.' The letter was unsigned; instead it bore the mark of the *Vehme*, the five-pointed star.

"Grenz approached Weichardt, who instantly declared himself ready for action. Shortly afterwards Weichardt called on Grenz accompanied by Ankermann. Then Grenz wrote to Munich that he had found 'the two upright German patriots.' After a few days Grenz and the two men received an acknowledgment with thanks from Munich summoning them to Frankfurt-am-Main where they would find further directions awaiting them at the post office under the heading of A.N.G. 500.

"Grenz heeded this request and found a letter at Frankfurt in which was included a sum of money for the execution of the plan. Grenz was required to ask a formal pledge of the two men. After having done what was required of them the two would be paid a sum exceeding considerably the inclosed amount (23,000 to 25,000 Marks). Then the letter continued: If the two

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men wish they will be given positions as Bavarian state employees. An added typewritten slip contained the name: Maximilian Harden. Another slip gave the following instructions: 'Send no letters or telegrams, use automobiles whenever possible, don't talk, destroy everything relating to the matter. After the action disperse in different directions.'

"Grenz takes the train to Oldenburg and notifies the two prospective murderers. In his lodgings he pledges them formally to the cause, calling their attention to the fact that the punishment intended for Harden would be meted out to them should they turn traitors. They shake hands and every one knows what has to be done. Ankermann gets 10,000 Marks, Weichardt 7,000 or 8,000.

"The two leave for Berlin but do not execute their project by the end of March or in the beginning of April as agreed upon; instead they roam around the Berlin bars and only after the murder of Rathenau they write that 'the deal is to go through shortly in spite of the adverse change in the market conditions.' Their insistent letters calling for money were answered 'by the true German patriot Grenz' on June 30 with the following telegram:

" 'To our Comrades! Whatever I can lay my hands on I am investing for you. I know it is only a drop in the sea, but it is up to you to have your way in everything, if you act quickly. I shall go away for a few days next Tuesday. If all is accomplished by then you shall have more money at your disposal. I can see no other possibility of helping you. In the last instance everything falls back on me and I am getting in deeper and deeper financially. Act and we all can breathe again. In spite of everything the present moment seems particularly auspicious to me. Destroy this. Good luck! Yours.' "

Without proper receipt for the murder no more money will be forthcoming, therefore "let us kill!" The letter which was to announce the accomplished deed was ready in the lodgings of the murderers. It follows here:

"We await your presence here at your earliest convenience and pray most urgently to prepare everything necessary for the continuation of the once started business connections. According to the present rate of exchange, I would advise approaching the firm in the South immediately. I mean by this the planned employment of our two gentlemen with the said firm which was promised to them in the form of a contract. Naturally their own and their families' transportation has to be financed.

"At the same time we would ask you to take care in presenting the acceptance for payment that the first sum agreed upon will cover the accrued expenses and liabilities. It has to be at least 60,000 Marks. It would be quite desirable if our 'chief' could see his way clear to set aside an extra sum of 30,000 Marks, so that the honorable brokers will not suffer any losses from their justly earned commissions.

"Hoping that you on your part will lend sufficient support to our statements, we beg to remain

"Yours faithfully."

Having squandered the first sum of money in nightly escapades this lovable pair of patriots had watched me for three weeks and had sneaked after me on the third of July. Both carried long knives besides the iron bars. Weichardt—who was arrested the same evening—overtook me and signaled to his co-assassin that the air was clear and the road safe. Ankermann was once a student in a dueling fraternity, then first lieutenant with the iron cross of the first class. The morning after the heroic attempt to break the skull of a defenseless man without risk and from behind, Ankermann entered the Berlin office of the German National Party and asked for Herr von Dryander. "Not here," he was told; but he met Count York. To the Count the first lieutenant spoke the following words: "I finished Harden yesterday according to orders. I have to disappear and I am here to get my traveling expenses." Answer: "I cannot do anything in the matter, but I think we may find Herr v. Dryander, if you come along with me."

This is the testimony of Count York. He claims to have been alone on the premises and was therefore unable to hold Ankermann for arrest. He contended that Ankermann had smelt a rat and had taken to his heels. The three gentlemen are still at liberty.

From the "Foreign" Social Revolutionaries

BITTER opposition to the verdict in the trial of the Social Revolutionaries at Moscow, discussed by Mr. Hibben in the issue of *The Nation* of September 27, is voiced in the following statement from a committee of Russian Social Revolutionaries in Berlin.

The comedy of the trial of the party of Social Revolutionaries is over. With unprecedented cynicism the tribunal has branded the accused before the proletariat of the entire world as counter-revolutionists, who have sought to cover their service to the bourgeoisie with the name of socialism and who conspired to destroy the conquests of the revolution.

In reply to this we must proclaim the bitter truth. Those in Russia who are really seeking to destroy these conquests no longer have need of any uprisings. All the political conquests of the revolution were taken away from the Russian workman and peasant in the very first months following the triumph of the Bolshevist dictatorship. And if in depriving the country of all social and personal liberty the Bolsheviks promised to recompense it by economic equality and well-being granted from above then these illusions, too, have long ago been shattered, for the only thing left of the epoch of ill-conceived communist experiments, which have brought their authors to bankruptcy and self-liquidation, is the monument of impending destruction of the cities and famine, with its horrible accompaniment—cannibalism—in the villages.

With her beggar's sack over her shoulder Russia of the Soviets stands at the doors of the bourgeois governments of Europe and their capitalist consortiums. . . .

The belated concessions to the demands of economic necessity, carried out in an atmosphere of increased bureaucracy, are giving rise not to convalescence and rehabilitation of the nation's economic life but to the restoration of the most primitive and rapacious forms of capitalism, to the surrender into its clutches of the entire disorganized proletariat and the sale, piecemeal, of the whole of Russia.

The overwhelming majority of the country's counter-revolutionary elements have long realized that they need only await the logical end of this evolution of bolshevism, and support and flatter the government, in order eventually to become its rightful heirs. Having betrayed the principles and ideals of socialism, perverted its liberating, deeply humanitarian, and democratic substance, and christened this perversion with the name of communism, the Bolsheviks are now seeking to conceal from themselves and from others the bitter truth. They have cynically proclaimed as common rebels those who fought against their rape of the principle of universal franchise and branded as lackeys of the bourgeoisie those who warned the proletariat against following the road leading to the bankruptcy of socialism.

In the face of this situation the calumnies of the Moscow verdict are both ridiculous and insignificant.

The party of Social Revolutionaries which, during the war, sailing into the teeth of the war psychosis, supported all efforts for the restoration of the International and demanded its energetic intervention for the speediest liquidation of the war, can afford to hurl aside the miserable Bolshevist slander regarding our alleged espionage in behalf of the Entente, as we could the similar reactionary slander, at an earlier period, anent our be-

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trayal of our country to Germany. . . . The party of Social Revolutionaries, which never for a moment reconciled itself to the imperialist provisions of the Versailles Treaty, can peacefully leave it to fools and ignoramuses to listen to fairy tales regarding its services to the victors.

Twelve of the most tried members of our party have been condemned to death. In defiance of world-wide protests, in which the voices of the mass organizations of the workers resounded in unison with those of humanity's intellectual and moral leaders, the Kremlin Government has affirmed the verdict, and the noose now hangs about the necks of twelve heroes in the struggle for the working class. But with unprecedented Jesuitism the government declares it will postpone tightening the noose pending further action by the party of Social Revolutionaries. The condemned are to be kept alive as the ready victims of any momentary panicky mood that may seize the government and of any provocateur trick played by any of our party's enemies. . . .

Moscow's verdict says that the noose upon the neck of the condemned will hang untightened as long as the Party of Social Revolutionaries does not undertake any underground, conspiratory, terroristic, and rebel activities. The party of Social Revolutionaries, in no way confused by this effort to bribe it with the heads of twelve heroes, can only declare what it has repeatedly declared before: Without abandoning a single iota of every people's holy right to revolution, the party will continue in the future, as it does now and has in the past, to seek the most peaceful and bloodless solution of the difficulties in which our country, torn by wars and civil wars, finds herself. The party will in the future, as it has in the past, oppose all conspiratory and rebel adventures, all individual and mass terroristic enterprises, which are only calculated to fan confusion. The party has never employed terror against the representatives of the Soviet Government. From the time of its Ninth Conference it has abandoned its armed conflict with the Bolsheviks. It never had and never will betray its slogan "Down with the Civil War," a slogan taken up most sympathetically by the working masses, torn by this civil war into enemy camps.

Beginning with the year 1919, the party has more than once declared that it was in the hands of the Bolshevist Government itself to save Russia from new, bloody upheavals by agreeing to general elections to the Soviets, under condition of complete liberty of propaganda, liberty of the press and of speech, and of liberation from jail and exile of its political opponents, as well as of abandonment of terrorization of the electors by bands of the Cheka, armed to the teeth. The party of Social Revolutionaries has declared that it was willing to leave the solution of all its disagreements with the Bolshevist Party, including the question of the summoning of a constituent assembly, to the verdict of such honestly elected Soviets. . . .

If the Communist Party, acting under the temptation and advantage of power, persists in its refusal to follow this road of conciliation with the people, then it alone will be responsible for the inevitable catastrophic end, the horrors which it will be within the power of none to avert. Its leaders will find little assistance in the fact that in this war with the people they will hold twelve hostages no longer for the party of Social Revolutionaries alone but for the whole of Russia. The Communist leaders can at any time end the lives of those who for years have been imprisoned under constant threat of death. But let the Communist leaders remember that the party of Social Revolutionaries will hold the inventors of this method of judicial hostage-taking and long-drawn-out death personally responsible for the lives of every one of those defenseless prisoners.

This is our final word. It is now up to the workers International to say the rest.

The Foreign Delegation of the Party of Social Revolutionaries
Victor Chernov, Nicholas Russanov,
Vladimir Zenzinov, Vasili Suchomlin.

Berlin, August 11

Aid and Comfort from the Enemy

THE Social Revolutionaries have repeatedly denied the allegation that they ever received from the Allies money for anti-Bolshevist activities. In refutation of this denial the *International Press Correspondence* (Berlin) for August 30 prints the facsimile of a letter given out by Karl Radek, addressed to Avksentiev from the French Department of Foreign Affairs. A translation of the letter follows.

Ministry for Foreign Affairs
Political and Commercial Department

Mr. President:

In reference to your request for a money advance, I am informed by M. Berthelot, with whom you have already discussed this matter, that the President of the Council deeply regrets not to be able to advance such a large sum, for the manner in which the French budget is voted does not permit a large sum to be expended for a definite item, without the previous sanction of Parliament. Moreover, I believe that the General Secretary will answer you directly on the various questions which you have addressed to him.

Permit me, Sir, to assure you of my highest esteem and sincerest respect. (Signature illegible)

The Evacuation of Siberia

FROM the Vladivostok *Daily News* for August 19 we print the following orders of the Japanese General Tachibana for the evacuation of Siberia.

I. Declaration by the Commander of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces in the Maritime Province.

Acting under Imperial orders from H. I. M., the Emperor of Japan, the Commander of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces in the Maritime Province hereby announces that the withdrawal of the troops under his command will be carried out along the following lines:

1. The evacuation of the Japanese troops will commence on August 26.

2. In withdrawing the troops the Japanese Command, on the basis of the Japanese-Russian agreement of April 29, 1920, and successively, will raise no obstacles to the presence of Russian armed bodies in places situated beyond the limits of the following regions:

a. During the first period of the evacuation, the regions south of the line from Novo-Alexeievsk, on the Russo-Chinese frontier (20 versts north of Pogranichnaya), over Jarikovo, the railway station Ipolitovka, and the railway station Kangaus to Volchanetz.

b. During the second period of the evacuation, the regions south of the line from the border stone "P" on the Russo-Chinese frontier (40 versts west of Razdolnoye), over Nikolsk-Ussurisk, Haritonovka, and Kangaus, to Volchanetz.

c. During the third period of the evacuation, the regions south of the line from border stone "P" on the Russo-Chinese frontier, over Ugolnaya station and Shkotovo to Volchanetz.

d. During the fourth period of the evacuation the territorial restrictions will be lifted.

The first period of the evacuation is to begin from 6 a. m., September 7. Special notice will be given in due time by the Japanese Command as to the commencement of the second, third, and fourth periods respectively.

3. The Japanese Command will not hesitate to take drastic action against all who should dare to impede the smooth course of the evacuation or to violate the restrictions specified under section II of this proclamation.

(Signed) General Tachibana

Vladivostok, August 15

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Commandment I
"I Am Jehovah Thy God"

Exodus, xx:2.
אנכי יהוה אלהיך

or

Jehovah is the God Americanism the Religion

Due to the numerous interpretations and misinterpretations in favor of religion, the Bible has become a Business Opportunity for Theologians, gentlemen of the clergy, themeless short-story-writers, and backward politicians. The result is that—

If one believes according to one interpretation, he is considered—blessed.

If one believes according to another interpretation, he is considered—d——d!

Thanks to religion, the Constitution of the United States was supplemented by an amendment known as the Eighteenth. Like the Bible, constitutionalism has become a popular subject with judges, senators, congressmen, clergymen, editors—learned and righteous—and plain phrase jugglers. The result, according to the various interpretations of the Constitution, is that—

If one is for prohibition, he is a fanatic.

If one is against prohibition, he is a criminal.

Is it not high time that Americanism be made the religion of mankind?

MOSES STEINBERG
713½ W. Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md.

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II. NOTIFICATION BY THE JAPANESE COMMAND, AUGUST 15, 1922.

Preparing, under instructions from the Imperial Government, to effect in the nearest future the evacuation of its troops, the Japanese Command informs the public of the following:

In their contacts with the local population, whenever such have occurred during their stay in this country, the Japanese troops have been strictly adhering to the principle of a just and satisfactory settlement of all matters.

Whereas, in spite of this, there have been lately frequent instances of applicants reiterating unwarranted demands, a decision on their cases having been taken; or else of claims being preferred which concerned in no way the Japanese Command and whose verification was impossible, it is desirable to terminate by the twenty-fifth of the current month all relations pending between claimants and the Japanese military authorities on matters concerning the Japanese Command; while all claims which may arise after the said date should be presented on the day preceding the last period of the evacuation. Accordingly, the Japanese Command will refuse to consider any claims advanced after the above dates, declining also all responsibility in connection with such claims.

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Its waste of labor?
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BECAUSE I AM A DRAMATIC CRITIC and because my home is in a suburb, I need the use of a couple of small rooms in New York—preferably furnished—from Monday to Friday through the season. Kenneth Macgowan, Care The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

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In the maintenance of that purpose and that standard THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is now publishing such notable articles as the following, some of which will appear in the November number and the others in succeeding numbers:

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